About This Book

Ballet in America has come of age. And George Amberg, Theatre Arts Consultant at the Museum of Modern Art, Lecturer in the Arts at New York University, author of *Art in Modern Ballet*, has documented and analyzed its growth and development. His book is unique, not only as a history of ballet in America from the early days of theatrical dancing to the present, but also as a penetrating study in American culture and art.

"This book," says Dr. Amberg, "is a record of the ballet in America. Its essential purpose is to bring together material that has not been available before, its basic premise is that the ballet has become American. (This) means that our ballet artists have proved complete artistic authority and full control of the medium. It also means that our ballet is a true reflection of our time and place, of our social and aesthetic climate. Our ballet is American in the sense that it has become an expression of the creativeness of our country."

Although Dr Amberg touches upon the first American dancers of note, upon Pavlova's conquest of America, upon the American work of such figures as Mordkin, Nijinsky, Fokine, Massine and Bolm, his emphasis is on the recent years during which the ballet has gained its specific American character. Dr Amberg discusses fully the work of Antony Tudor, Jerome Robbins, Agnes de Mille, Michael Kidd, Balanchine, Lincoln Kirstein and other outstanding figures in modern American ballet. He effectively combines detailed synopses with critiques of significant American ballets, seeing ballet as a synthesis of dancing, music and scenic art. Reader and dancer alike will find his analysis and interpretation brilliantly illuminating.

Ballet contains a number of other unusual features: two original ballet libretti—*Fancy Free* by Jerome Robbins and *Laurie Makes Up Her Mind* (from *Oklahoma!*) by Agnes de Mille, a complete listing of the repertories of the important companies, a chronology of 150 years of American ballet, and an unusual selection of ballet photographs. In this popular edition, *Ballet* should be the companion and guide of every balletomane in America.

Some MENTOR BOOKS of Interest—35c

BALLET

(Original title *Ballet in America*)

THE EMERGENCE OF AN AMERICAN ART

With selected illustrations from the higher-priced edition

by George Amberg



A MENTOR BOOK

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Introduction

Two years ago, when the project of a survey of the ballet in America was first discussed, neither expert nor layman, neither author nor publishers could predict the result with any amount of certainty. It was simply evident that there was a real need for such a study. The growing enthusiasm for the ballet in this country had created a substantial new audience and a steadily increasing demand for handy information and permanent reference material

This book was begun as an attempt to fill that demand, but after preliminary examination it became apparent that the task was considerably wider in scope and infinitely more complex than the original plan suggested As the data accumulated, the sober reference book grew into the discussion of a new art and a new aesthetic In order to appreciate the admirable accomplishments of our contemporary ballet, it is necessary to evaluate it, not as the product of circumstances, but as the valid expression of a specific time and a specific country—that is, as an emerging American art

This book, then, is a record of the ballet in America. Its essential purpose is to bring together material that has not been available before, its basic premise is that the ballet has become American

The last statement may be interpreted in several ways. In the first place, it means that our ballet artists have proved complete artistic authority and full control of the medium. It also means that our ballet is a true reflection of our time and place, of our social and aesthetic climate Of course, the art of the ballet is not defined by its geographical origin; it is totally irrelevant whether its exponents are literally citizens of the United States Our ballet is American in the sense that it has become an expression of the creativeness of our country, as, for instance, has our writing

The artistic progress of the ballet in America has been fast, steady and extensive. While there has been some form of ballet in America for more than a century and a half, the native American ballet is barely fifteen years old It appeared, almost without transition, in immediate response to the powerful stimulus of the Ballet Russe and as the result of expert training in the classical idiom offered by outstanding Russian teachers. Native talent emerged and an appreciative audience has devel-

oped and been consolidated. Recent attendances throughout the country have exceeded an estimated million and a half, not counting the enormous audience of the musical comedy.

Actually the audience had been prepared over the years; at irregular intervals, visiting guests and foreign touring companies had slowly acquainted the American public with the ballet. But not until 1933, when the Ballet Russe presented its first season of repertory, was there any regular, continuous performance by a large-sized company of some prestige. At about the same time the first modest resident companies were established and the first American-born and -trained dancers and choreographers made a tentative appearance. Since then a whole new generation of ballet artists has reached artistic maturity.

The process of formation, clarification and articulation that went on during the past fifteen years resulted in the American ballet. This does not refer to any particular company or composition, but rather to a generic character While it may be too early to identify the essential trends in the American ballet in terms of style, there is clear evidence of a specific American nature or quality in thought, feeling and expression. The first home-made ballets of the thirties tended, somewhat self-consciously, to stress and exaggerate their American character in the choice of plot and subject matter, in the crowding with native traits and types, in the deliberate use of local associations and vernacular and, most of all, in the employment of native writers, composers and designers, choreographers and dancers.

But probably the most important result of the forceful native demonstration of the thirties was the realization that the American ballet still had a way to go The young artists had made an admirable and successful start, they had formulated their hopes and expectations well and they had put in their claim But the *avant-garde* American ballet needed both more money and infinitely more experience in order to meet the exacting standards of the European professional ballet on its own level. It ought to be remembered, of course, that the mild rebellion of the ballet pioneers was primarily directed against the imposition of foreign aesthetic conventions and what Lincoln Kirstein called the "spectral blackmail" of a worn repertory formula, and not against the basic principles of the traditional ballet. No radical disagreement prevented American dancers and choreographers, composers and designers, from cooperating with the "Russian" ballet whenever they were offered the chance

Like painting or music, the ballet has the composite charac-

ter of the accumulated contributions of countless generations of many civilizations—in other words, it has tradition. In strict aesthetic language a work of art has significant form, which means that it is valid in absolute terms with respect to both the specific quality of enjoyment it conveys and the specific medium in which it materializes. In the ballet, too, there are constant factors which differentiate it from any other form of art and from any other form of dancing. But there are also variable qualities which are determined by its geographical, chronological and spiritual position These are manifested not only in the form it ultimately assumes, but also in the way it affects the audience and participates in the cultural life of the people. The comparatively recent response of Americans to the ballet is merely a symptom of profounder changes in the American aesthetic climate. The immense influx of European art and artists in the past few decades is not the cause, but the consequence, of an awareness of new aesthetic values.

These remarks explain the emphasis of this book. While it traces the early history of the ballet here, its major part is devoted to the recent years during which the ballet became an expression of our American life and thought and the importance of the material increases as it approaches the present. The space devoted to an individual or an event or a work indicates a relative importance—that is, relative to our thesis. If, for instance, the few works of a young American choreographer are treated more explicitly than the whole work of a man of Fokine's stature, such freedom of treatment is determined by the purpose of this examination, not by standards of absolute value Our interest here is to investigate precisely what use the American artists have made of the medium that was given them

The ballet is a developed, traditional medium. Like painting or music, the ballet consists of a basic technique, the *danse d'école*, and a developed practice of wide range and variety, which is the ballet as we know it today. The *danse d'école*, that is, the dance according to the rules, is a strict code of posture and movement This system is based on five absolute positions of the feet which assure functional and mechanical perfection. It is essentially characterized by an extreme turn-out of the legs, so that the feet are always pointing outward. This apparently "unnatural" turn-out is determined by definite anatomical, mechanical and aesthetic reasons. First, it facilitates extension and elevation, balance in repose and preparation for leaps and turns, by making optimal use of the human anatomy, in particular of the hip joint, which is the pivot for every leg movement. Second, ballet is normally performed on

a stage and the turn-out practically eliminates foreshortening and exhibits the whole figure in full frontal view. The five positions of the feet are supplemented by less rigid, but equally logical positions of the head and arms. Visually the most striking characteristic of the ballet is the dancing on the toes, habitually reserved to the female performer. It is not a technical stunt but a means to convey an impression of weightless, floating movement. Although there are different schools, mainly French, Italian and Russian, these basic principles are universally recognized, and constitute an international language of the ballet.

This language is an accepted convention, used by the choreographer in the creation of a ballet in the same way that counterpoint in music or perspective in painting are useful conventional means toward the achievement of imaginative ends. Choreography, literally meaning dance notation, is actually the art of dance composition in both the mechanical and the creative sense. Although the ballet is essentially dance, it employs music and scenic art as legitimate associates and the choreographic concept of the completed composition is a synthesis of the three arts.

It is certain that the contemporary American ballet owes its prodigious growth, its solid reputation and its immense popularity to the situation created by the war. Isolated from the rest of the world, entirely reduced to its own sources and resources, our ballet was suddenly submitted to a decisive test. Fortunately, that occurred almost precisely at the moment when our native choreographers were just old enough and experienced enough to meet the challenge (The active presence of George Balanchine, inexhaustibly inventive, was nothing less than providential) Toward the end of the war it had become obvious that the critical and exacting task of preserving the ballet had turned into a triumph for the younger ballet generation. They had never danced better, they had never looked fresher and lovelier, they had never displayed greater verve and brilliance. The intervening years have more than confirmed the belief that this wonderful impetus was not accidental, but the logical result of hard work and consistent endeavor

Economically speaking, the ballet has developed into an important branch of the entertainment business and the volume of financial transactions involved now runs into staggering figures. But since the flow of easy wartime money is coming to an end, certain symptoms of a crisis and of a possible business recession are causing some alarm Indeed, if those potential dangers were ever to become acute, they would not only seriously upset the precarious financial balance of the ballet

budgets, but they would also affect the very existence of the qualified dancers, the expert staff and the whole industry associated with ballet production. Unfortunately, these considerations have a direct bearing on the professional standard and the artistic policy of the ballet companies and they indicate the basic weakness of the whole ballet situation: financial insecurity. No survey of the ballet would be complete or accurate without an objective appreciation of the perennial conflict between idealistic artistic planning and realistic commercial management.

Several events in the American ballet have occurred too late to be described and fully evaluated in this book. Yet they are sufficiently important to be mentioned here. The most serious fact is that Ballet Theatre was compelled temporarily to suspend its activity for lack of funds. Reorganized early in 1949, the company is still admirably strong, although Alicia Alonso and some of its former leading soloists did not return, and a new *corps de ballet* had to be rehearsed in a complete repertory. Nana Gollner and Janet Reed rejoined the company, and Maria Tallchief was engaged as ballerina.

While Ballet Theatre was in difficulties, the City of New York invited a foreign company, the Paris Opera Ballet, to perform as part of the New York Anniversary celebration. This ill-advised and unfortunate decision caused some bitter comment and resentment for which neither the guest company, nor the American dancers can be held responsible.

Ballet Theatre's former ballerina, Alicia Alonso, proved her courage and initiative by organizing her own company in her native Havana. The new group is largely composed of former Ballet Theatre artists, with Alicia Alonso as *prima ballerina*, Igor Youskevitch as *premier danseur*, Fernando Alonso as general director, Alberto Alonso as artistic director, Max Goberman and Ben Steinberg as conductors. The ensemble is small, the repertory is yet modest, scenery and costumes are borrowed, the touring schedule is limited, but talent and spirit are there and the prospects are promising.

Ballet Society has successfully completed its second season and has made good on its promises and stated policy. Although the essential character, and the inevitable weaknesses of a student company are still noticeable, the standard of performance is in general highly creditable. The ensemble is fast improving in coherence, skill and experience, and the soloists are excellent. Some less successful ballets have been dropped from the repertory; others have been thoroughly revised and restaged and several pleasant and some outstanding novelties have been added. The ballet *Orpheus* was the greatest ballet event in

and lovely princesses, until I believed in their existence and even fell in love with a real living damsel. I was deeply smitten with the pretty sister of one of my schoolfellows. I fancied I had a rival in an English boy of my own age. We quarrelled in consequence, and as we were both taking fencing-lessons we determined to settle our differences with foils without the buttons. How we were prevented carrying out our bloody intentions I now forget.'

He was always a lad of spirit. When his parents moved to France and Henry was sent to a *lycée*, he explained to his schoolfellows that

> in English schools, boys were in the habit of resisting . . . ill-usage by rebelling against the author of it, and pelting him with books or any other missiles that might be at hand. I suggested the same mode of punishing our tyrant. (*ie* a sadistic master who held our fingers in an iron grasp and then rapped the ends of them with a heavy ruler'.)
>
> My suggestion was highly approved, and it was agreed unanimously that it should be carried out. It was arranged that at our evening class, at a given signal, the *professeur* was to be assailed by a shower of books and other objects. When the moment arrived for action, I seized one of the small leaden inkstands . . . and hurled it at the head of the obnoxious master, fortunately, however, missing it. There was dead silence. I looked around, and saw my co-conspirators to all appearances engaged intently in their studies, not one of them taking his eyes off his book, as if perfectly innocent and unconscious of the whole business.

This treachery on the part of the French boys naturally led to further violence. After the master had soundly whipped the *cochon d'Anglais* the *cochon* flew at his betrayers, and in the ensuing struggle 'one of the boys cut my face open with the stiff leather rim of his *casquette*'.

Henry's father removed him from the school.

The more one reads of Henry Layard the more one likes him. He belongs to that class of young, nineteenth-century adventurers of whom Claudius Rich and James Silk Buckingham were other examples; men to whom the familiar command 'Go West, young man' was reversed. They wanted to go East, because in their day the East was as little known as the Far West, and just as exciting.

These men were impelled to the East 'by its quality of romance and mystery—a mystery, be it said, which has today been so largely dissipated by increased accessibility as to need emphasising. Six centuries had passed since the end of the Last Crusade severed the connection between Europe and the Arab Empire. After the final fall of Acre, in Gibbon's words 'a profound and melancholy silence prevailed along the coast which had so long resounded to the World's Debate'. For the Westerner, Arabian Asia had been shrouded ever since in this silence, and remained so until rediscovered as a subject for "debate" by the world of the nineteenth century.'[1]

Born in 1817 of parents descended from Huguenot stock, Henry Layard's boyhood was divided between England, France, Italy and Switzerland; his father's health required constant changes of climate. His unconventional education gave him a background which was probably superior to that of most young men of his class, and one which suited him, for he had the eye of an artist, and, in his own words, he 'acquired a taste for the fine arts, and as much knowledge of them as a child could obtain who was constantly in the society of artists and connoisseurs'. He also developed a longing for travel, but this was at first frustrated when his parents sent him back to London at the age of sixteen to study law. He spent six years in a solicitor's office, and hated every one of them. At twenty-two, again in his own words, he 'determined for various reasons to leave England and seek a career elsewhere'. And as Mr Seton Lloyd says in his delightful book *Foundations in the Dust*, 'A glance at the coloured engravings of a young man in Bakhtiyari costume which forms the frontispiece of the *Early Adventures* is alone sufficient to suggest that the "various reasons" were adequate ones'.

He had read Rich's memoirs on Babylon. He had also been stirred by the stories then current of mysterious rock-cut inscriptions in the mountains of Persia; inscriptions in the wedge-shaped cuneiform writing which was just beginning to be deciphered. The East became an obsession with him, and when, in 1839, a relative offered to find him a post in Ceylon, he leaped at the chance. But the method by which he proposed to get there astounded his friends, who

[1] Lloyd, Seton *Foundations in the Dust.*

and lovely princesses, until I believed in their existence and even fell in love with a real living damsel. I was deeply smitten with the pretty sister of one of my schoolfellows. I fancied I had a rival in an English boy of my own age. We quarrelled in consequence, and as we were both taking fencing-lessons we determined to settle our differences with foils without the buttons. How we were prevented carrying out our bloody intentions I now forget.'

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Mitford, fuming in Aleppo, was eventually greeted after long delay by an excited Layard, who told him that he had also managed to see Beyrout and Baalbek on the way. After a few days 'to give my mare and myself a rest', the two resumed their journey, travelling southward through Urfah and Nisibis, and arrived on May 2nd at Mosul.

From the beginning Henry Layard loved Iraq, a country which has little physical appeal for most visitors, for there, as he writes:

> ... desolation meets desolation; a feeling of awe succeeds to wonder, for there is nothing to relieve the mind, to lead to hope or to tell what has gone by.... These huge mounds of Assyria made a deeper impression on me, gave rise to more serious thoughts and earnest reflection, than the temples of Baalbek, and the theatres of Ionia.

It must be realised that at this time Assyria was little more than a name mentioned in the Bible and by a few ancient authors. During the two or three centuries preceding Layard's visit, a handful of European travellers had passed that way. There was a certain John Eldred, who had travelled to Baghdad in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. There was a German physician, Rauwolff, who had travelled in Mesopotamia at about the same time; and there was the Abbe de Beauchamp, who in 1780 had been the Pope's Vicar-General in Babylonia. Gibbon had written about Babylon and Nineveh, but most of his knowledge was drawn either from the Bible or from classical authors like Herodotus. But the traditional sites of both Babylon and Nineveh were known, and visitors were sometimes taken to see the huge mounds of earth and crumbled brick which were apparently all that survived of these once-great cities.

However, before Layard's arrival there had been a slight stirring of interest in these ancient remains. The region formed part of the Ottoman Empire, with which the British Government had recently established regular diplomatic relations. Consular Agents were appointed at Baghdad and Mosul, and as these were often young men with a taste for adventure, and with time on their hands, they became interested in the antiquities of the area and even attempted a little amateur digging. A further stimulus came from

naturally supposed he would make the usual leisurely journey by sea. But this was too slow and boring for Henry, who was determined to take the overland route. This, of course, was before the days of railways. With a young and equally adventurous friend, named Mitford, Layard planned to travel via Central Europe to Dalmatia, Montenegro, Albania and Bulgaria to Constantinople. That would be the first stage. Then they would cross Asia Minor and Syria, Palestine and the Mesopotamian Desert to Baghdad.

> From Baghdad, [he wrote] we believed that we should be able to reach India through Persia and Afghanistan and so ultimately to Colombo.

Obviously Henry was determined that, before he finally ended as a tea planter in Ceylon, he would have his fill of the countries which had taken such a hold on his youthful imagination. Or perhaps he had privately made up his mind that he would never go to Ceylon, but would find a more interesting and unconventional occupation somewhere en route. Anyway, that was what happened.

Lack of space forbids a full description of this crazy journey, which readers will find in Layard's own fascinating book, *Nineveh and its Remains*, published in 1849[1]. At Plovdiv, in Bulgaria, Layard developed gastritis, and was bled by a local physician, who drew a circle on his belly and filled the circle with leeches. He lost so much blood as a result that he was delayed for several weeks, and did not catch up with Mitford until he reached Asia Minor. There was more trouble in Jerusalem when Henry decided to go to Petra, passing through bandit-infested country and plagued by Bedouin. On his way to Aleppo, where he had agreed to rejoin the long-suffering Mitford, he visited Kerak, Jerash, and Amman, and was robbed twice, once near Kerak and again near Damascus. When, in pouring rain, he turned up at the home of the British Consul at Damascus, he was penniless, half naked, and on foot. But he had seen what he wanted to see.[2]

[1] "Popular archaeology" is nothing new. Layard's book, and those of Rich, Rawlinson and others, enjoyed a tremendous vogue a century ago.

[2] Nearly forty years later Layard returned to Damascus as the Queen's Ambassador.

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2 Nearly forty years later Layard returned to Damascus as the Queen's Ambassador.

some time surveying and studying the great mound of Küyünjik. Then he and Mitford moved on to Baghdad. At this time the British Resident was a certain Colonel Taylor, a distinguished orientalist with whom the young man became friendly. He also met some of Taylor's junior officers, Lieutenants Campbell, Selby and Jones, who he says, 'employed themselves while engaged in their professional duties in geographical and archæological researches'. Continuing their journey, they managed to see and study the cuneiform inscriptions at Behistun, which stimulated Layard's curiosity still more, so that, by the time the young travellers reached Hamadan, Henry had decided that he was *not* going to Ceylon. Mitford travelled on to India. Layard swung southward to explore the wild country of the Bakhtiyari tribes (whose costume he subsequently adopted and loved to wear). The Bakhtiyari were the most turbulent of the Persian tribes. But Layard's adventures among them, which fill a large part of his book, have no place here.

Eventually he returned to Baghdad, where, for reasons of economy, he lived in a mud hut, but paid frequent visits to the Residency, where he was able to use Taylor's library. He became very friendly with Selby and Jones, men of his own age, and with them went on several expeditions in the two small armed steamers, the *Assyria* and the *Nitocris*. In 1842, when war between Persia and Turkey seemed imminent, Taylor asked Layard to go to Constantinople to report to the British Ambassador on the situation. On the way he again visited Mosul, where he had the opportunity of meeting Paul Emile Botta, the French Consular Agent, who in that year began excavations in the mound of Küyünjik. This was the beginning of Mesopotamian excavation. The curtain was about to rise on the ancient Assyrian world.

When Rich's *Narrative of a journey to the site of Babylon* was published it caused a stir throughout European academic circles. The French Asiatic Society in particular was interested in the possibilities of excavation in the Mosul area. Botta, a naturalist and son of a historian, was appointed as French Consular Agent partly because of his diplomatic experience in the Middle East, but also because Jules Mohl, of the Asiatic Society, saw in him the potentialities of an archæologist. National prestige entered into this. The British profited from the fact that the British East India

attempts to decipher the wedge-shaped writing ('cuneiform') which could be seen in huge rock-cut inscriptions, and also on dried-mud bricks which were often dug out of the mounds and carried home by travellers as curiosities. Lord Byron has a satirical couplet about these in his *Don Juan*—referring to Claudius Rich, who had been Resident of the East India Company at Baghdad.

Though Claudius Rich, Esquire, some bricks has got,
And written lately two memoirs upon't

Rich, who died three years after Layard was born, had examined and sketched the ruins of Babylon (which is on the Lower Euphrates, south of Baghdad), and also the mound of Küyünjik, site of ancient Nineveh, opposite Mosul. But, although he wrote valuable memoirs of his travels and investigations,[1] he was unable to carry out serious excavations. The climate ruined his health and he died of cholera in 1817, after refusing to leave the stricken city of Baghdad where, as his biographer writes:

He continued nobly to exert himself to quiet the alarm of the inhabitants, and to assist the sick and dying.

When Layard came to Mosul the situation was different. Great progress had been made in the decipherment of cuneiform. First in this field was the German scholar Grotefend, in 1802. In 1825 an English officer, Lieutenant (later Sir Henry) Rawlinson, set himself the task of copying the inscriptions on the great Behistun Rock in Persia, which were trilingual, *ie* in Old Persian, Elamite, and Babylonian. From this and similar inscriptions he and other scholars obtained enough comparative material to enable them to begin to understand the wedge-shaped characters. From now on, every inscribed brick or stone acquired potential value as a document. If only the language barrier had been broken, a whole new chapter might be written into the history of the human race. The ruins, mute for so long, would speak.

Layard's first visit to Mosul was brief, although he spent

[1] He also made a large and valuable collection of oriental manuscripts and antiquities which he gave to the British Museum.

archæologists as Botta, Layard, and others working in the same field.

The effect of this discovery on the Victorian world was comparable to that of the Tomb of Tutankhamun on the 'twenties' of this century. Assyria suddenly became news, and men studied their Bibles for any scraps of information which the Jewish chroniclers had given, and quoted with relish Byron's famous lines about the defeat of Sennacherib.

The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold,
And the sheen of his spears was like stars on the sea
Where the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

In France and England illustrated magazines were full of pictures showing in detail scenes from the wars and conquests, ceremonies and daily life of a people who, until then, had been known only by a few biblical references and the vague accounts of classical historians. At long last the British authorities were prodded into reluctant action. Between 1843 and 1845 Layard had managed to get himself a diplomatic post on the staff of the British Ambassador to Turkey, Sir Stratford Canning. When news of Botta's momentous discoveries came through Canning was as excited as Layard, and Botta was generous enough to allow them to see his confidential dispatches, which passed through Istanbul. Layard, whose impatience can be imagined, urged upon Canning the necessity of obtaining official support for a British excavation of some of the other mounds which he had seen, Kuyünjik for instance, or Nimrud. Canning, just as he was about to return to Britain on leave, delighted his young assistant by telling him that he himself would agree, temporarily, to finance an excavation at Nimrud. If the results were successful, then Canning hoped to persuade the British Government to finance further excavations. As soon as a *firman* (official permit) had been given by the Turkish Government, Henry Layard was hurrying eastwards across the mountains. . . .

I crossed the mountains of Pontus and the great steppes of the Usun Yilak as fast as post-horses could carry me, descended the high lands into the valley of the Tigris, galloped over the vast plains of Assyria, and reached Mosul in twelve days.

Company, when choosing their first Resident in Baghdad, had accidentally chosen a man who became a gifted amateur archæologist. There was no accident in the French Government's selection of Botta for the post at Mosul. The difference of the attitude of the two countries to archæology is typical, and can be observed throughout the years which followed, when Layard, who became an archæologist by chance, had to do his great work on a parsimonious grant from the British Museum, while Botta had liberal financial support from the French Government. It says much for the character of these two men that national differences and rivalries never interfered with their friendship.

Botta's first great discovery was at Khorsobad, a village some fourteen miles from Mosul. He had begun by making trial trenches at Küyunjik, but with poor results; then, hearing by chance that sculptured stones had been seen in the vicinity of Khorsobad, he transferred his workmen to that site. It was March, 1843.

Hardly had the workmen begun to cut their trenches into the great mound when huge limestone slabs were revealed. On these slabs were vigorous sculptures in relief; scenes of battles and sieges, religious ceremonies with strange gods, and always the figure of an Assyrian King in a tall headdress and wearing a thick curled beard, watching the triumphs of his armies.

> Within a few days, [writes Seton Lloyd] it was clear that an astonishing and epoch-making discovery had been made, and Botta was able to dispatch to Mohl his famous message, 'I believe myself to be the first who has discovered sculptures which with some reason can be referred to the period when Nineveh was flourishing'.[1]

Botta had discovered the new capital of Assyria built by King Sargon II at the end of the eighth century BC. At the time of the discovery, decipherment of the cuneiform inscriptions (with which the slabs were covered) had not progressed sufficiently far for the name of the king to be identified, but soon Henry Rawlinson, the young officer who had worked on the Behistun Rock inscriptions, was to become British Resident at Baghdad, where he continued his studies of the ancient language and gave benefit of his learning to such

[1] Lloyd, Seton. *Foundations in the Dust.*

and when, after five hours' journey the great hill loomed up against the sunset his excitement was great.

> I had slept little during the night. Hopes, long cherished, were now to be realised, or end in disappointment. Visions of palaces underground, of gigantic monsters, of sculptured figures, and endless inscriptions, floated before me.

In the morning when he left his tent:

> . . . the lofty cone and broad mound of Nimrud broke like a distant mountain against the morning sky. But how changed was the scene of my former visit! The ruins were no longer clothed with verdure and many-coloured flowers; no sign of habitation, not even the black tents of the Arab, was seen across the plain. The eye wandered over a parched and barren waste, across which occasionally swept a whirlwind dragging with it a cloud of sand.

The last time Layard had seen Nimrud was in spring; the wonderful, fugitive spring of Iraq, when for a few weeks, the rains fulfil the Biblical prophecy that 'the desert shall blossom like the rose'. But now it was November, and to the aridity of the landscape was added the silence and emptiness of a deserted land. Owing to the extortions and cruelty of the local Governor, Kerith Oglu, the villagers had deserted their homes, and even the Arab tribesmen had moved from the plain which they normally inhabited to the south of the Zab river. However, in one of the hovels the visitors managed to find a few Arabs, one of whom, Sheikh Awad, told Layard why the district had been deserted. On being told why the Englishman had come to Nimrud, Awad became more cheerful, and offered to help obtain workmen. He also told Layard an ancient tradition connected with the ruins.

> The Palace, said he, was built by Athur, the Kiayah, or lieutenant of Nimrud. Here the holy Abraham, peace upon him! cast down and broke in pieces the idols which were worshipped by the unbelievers. The impious Nimrud, enraged by the destruction of his gods, sought to slay Abraham, and waged war against him. But the prophet prayed to God, and said, "Deliver me, O God, from this man. . . ."

Abraham's prayer was answered.

CHAPTER TWO

CITY OF THE WINGED BULLS (2)

EVERY VISITOR to the British Museum knows the huge, winged and human-headed bulls which stand sentinel at the entrance to the Assyrian section. Each weighs over ten tons. Of black basalt, glossy and sinister, they are overpowering in their brutal strength. They, and nearly all the Assyrian carved and sculptured reliefs in the gallery behind them, were prised from their foundations by crowbars, hauled by ropes till they toppled on to specially built platforms, moved on rollers across miles of desert under a burning sun, winched aboard ship and brought down the Persian Gulf to Bombay, then around the Cape of Good Hope to the Port of London; all under the supervision of Henry Layard over one hundred years ago. And he did it on what we would call 'a shoe-string'.

Arriving at Mosul he had audience with Turkish Governor, Mohammed Pasha, whom he did not trust. So, in order to conceal the real purpose of his visit, he pretended to be going on a hunting trip.

> On the eighth of November, having secretly procured a few tools, and engaged a mason at the moment of my departure, and carrying with me a variety of guns, spears and other formidable weapons, I declared that I was going to hunt wild boars in a neighbouring village, and *floated down the Tigris on a small* raft constructed for the journey. I was accompanied by Mr Ross, a British merchant of Mosul, my Cawass, and a servant.

Layard's objective was Nimrud, one of the great mounds which lay on the west bank of the Tigris south of the mound of Küyünjik, where Botta had been working. The name is a romantic one. According to the Book of Genesis, Nimrud was the son of Cush and the grandson of Ham, famous for his exploits as a hunter. That this legendary name should be attached to an ancient Assyrian mound intrigued Layard,

remains of a tiered tower, a typical feature of Assyrian cities, and those of Babylon and Sumeria which had preceded them. Botta had also encountered a similar structure at Khorsobad, without at first recognising its function.

Within a few days, of course, the news of Layard's discovery had leaked back to Keritli Oglu in Mosul, and the Governor requested to see him. Like most Orientals, he could conceive of only one motive in digging—to find gold, and his suspicions were confirmed when a tiny fragment of gold leaf, which Layard had found in one of the chambers, came into his possession. Shortly afterwards Layard was politely informed by Da'ûd Agha, captain of the Turkish irregular troops in the area, that excavations must cease because the Governor had heard that there was a Moslem cemetery on the site, and that the Englishman was disturbing the graves of True Believers.

Layard again went to see Keritli Oglu, a fat Turk with a face as vile as his reputation. 'Nature,' writes Layard, 'had placed hypocrisy beyond his reach. He had one eye and one ear; he was short and fat, deeply marked by smallpox and harsh in voice. . . . He had revived many good old customs, which the reforming spirit of the age had suffered to fall into decay. He particularly insisted on *dish-parasi*,[1] or a compensation in money levied upon all villages in which a man of such rank is entertained, for the wear and tear on his teeth in masticating the food he condescends to receive from the inhabitants.'

Layard pointed out that there were no graves on the mound, to his knowledge, and also gently recalled an incident in the Governor's career, when, in his own words 'at Siwas the Ulema tried to excite the people because I encroached upon a burying-ground. But I made them eat dirt! I took every gravestone and built up the castle walls with them.'

But the old rascal was ready with an answer.

"Ah, but there I had Mussulmans to deal with . . . and here we have only Kurds and Arabs, and Wallah! they are beasts. No, I cannot allow you to proceed; you are my dearest and most intimate friend; if anything happens to you, what grief should I not suffer!"

On his return to Nimrud, Layard discovered that the Governor had been trying similar tactics to those he

[1] Literally 'tooth-money'

> He sent a gnat, which vexed Nimrud night and day, so that he built himself a room of glass in yonder palace, that he might dwell therein, and shut out the insect. But the gnat entered also, and passed by his ear into his brain, upon which it fed, and increased in size day by day, so that the servants of Nimrud beat his head with a hammer continually, that he might have some ease from his pain; but he died after suffering these torments for four hundred years.

And Layard adds:

> Such are the tales to this day repeated by the Arabs who wander round the remains of a great city; which, by their traditions, they unwittingly help to identify.

One day's digging in the mound was enough to convince Layard that it contained ruined buildings. His first trench revealed the upper part of a large slab of alabaster. Working from this point a second slab was uncovered, then a third, then a fourth, until by the end of the morning ten such slabs had been found, each standing vertically and fixed to its neighbour, forming a square. In the centre of each slab was an inscription in cuneiform. They then attacked the side of the mound, at a place near which fragments of alabaster had been seen, and once again, almost immediately, a wall was revealed bearing similar inscriptions in the ancient writing. But Layard noticed that 'the slabs had evidently been exposed to intense heat, were cracked in every part, and threatened to fall to pieces as soon as uncovered'.

On the first day he had only six workmen, which he increased to eleven during the next few days. Scientific excavation was then unknown, and Layard's methods were extremely crude by modern standards. He had neither the time nor the labour force needed to excavate each chamber thoroughly. When he found walls he dug along them, revealing the inscriptions, but left the middle of each room unexcavated. Nevertheless, by sheer chance, he discovered, in that first day's work, the remains of two Assyrian palaces which had stood on the site, one of which had evidently been built partly with material taken from the earlier palace.

He also attacked the huge conical mound which stood at the north-west corner of the site, and found it was built of solid mud-brick. At the time he had no idea that it was the

both groups was beardless, and evidently a eunuch. He was clothed in a complete suit of mail, and wore a pointed helmet on his head, from the sides of which fell lappets covering the ears, the lower part of the face, and the neck. The left hand, the arm being fully extended, grasped a bow at full stretch; whilst the right, drawing the strings to the ear, held an arrow ready to be discharged. A second warrior urged, with reins and whip, to the utmost of their speed, three horses, which were galloping across the plain. A third, without helmet, and with flowing hair and beard, held a shield for the defence of the principal figure. Under the horses' feet, and scattered about the relief, were the conquered, wounded by the arrows of the conquerors.

The other sculptured relief depicted the siege of a castle of a walled city. From the turrets of the castle warriors fired arrows, slingers were shown in action, and 'a female figure, known by her long hair . . . held her right hand raised as if in the act of asking for mercy'. One of the defenders, with raised torch, was trying to burn a huge catapult or siege engine which had been brought against the wall along an inclined plane. One of the attackers was setting light to the gate of the castle, while another applied an iron instrument to the stones in an attempt to force the foundations.

Here, and at Khorsobad, where Botta was excavating a similar palace, men of the nineteenth century saw, for the first time, the terrible Assyrians in action; 'a people delighting in war'. No longer merely a name, they had stepped out of the pages of the Bible and become real again.

Some of these sculptured reliefs and inscriptions had been so badly damaged by fire as to be too fragile for removal. Evidently part of the palace had been set on fire when it was sacked. But later, exploring another part of the mound, Layard found intact sculpture and inscriptions, capable of being removed. The most dramatic discovery came one morning when Layard was returning to Nimrud after visiting the camp of a local Sheikh. Suddenly two Arabs came galloping towards him, urging their mares at the top of their speed.

On approaching me they stopped. "Hasten, O Bey," exclaimed one of them—"hasten to the diggers, for they have found Nimrud himself. Wallah, it is wonderful, but it is true! We have seen him with both our eyes. There is no God but

employed at Siwas, only this time in reverse. There he had destroyed a burying-ground. At Nimrud he was creating one. One day Da'ûd Agha came to Layard and admitted shamefacedly that, on the Governor's orders, he and his troops had, for two nights, been employed in bringing gravestones from distant villages and re-erecting them on the mound.

"We have destroyed more real tombs of True Believers," said he, "in making sham ones, than you could have defiled between the Zab and Selamiyah. We have killed our horses and ourselves in carrying those accursed stones."

Da'ûd Agha was a tough but friendly character, a freebooting soldier and a man after Layard's own heart. They soon came to an arrangement. While Layard returned to Constantinople to obtain a more strongly worded firman which would prevent any further interference by the local authorities, Da'ûd Agha and Layard's agent (whom he left in charge of the excavations) carried out the Englishman's secret instructions. When, at the beginning of January, he returned to Nimrud he found that they had been obeyed almost too faithfully.

Not only were the counterfeit graves carefully removed but even others, which possessed more claim to respect, had been routed out.

But as usual, Henry was equal to the situation, and entered into an elaborate theological discussion with the aggrieved Arabs—

in which I proved to them, as the bodies were not turned towards Mecca, they could not be those of True Believers. I ordered the remains, however, to be carefully reburied at the foot of the mound.

Layard and his workmen soon came upon treasures more exciting than slabs of inscribed cuneiform. Even before he departed for Constantinople two enormous bas-reliefs had been uncovered. One depicted a battle scene.

Two chariots, drawn by horses richly caparisoned, were each occupied by a group of three warriors; the principal person in

both groups was beardless, and evidently a eunuch. He was clothed in a complete suit of mail, and wore a pointed helmet on his head, from the sides of which fell lappets covering the ears, the lower part of the face, and the neck. The left hand, the arm being fully extended, grasped a bow at full stretch; whilst the right, drawing the strings to the ear, held an arrow ready to be discharged. A second warrior urged, with reins and whip, to the utmost of their speed, three horses, which were galloping across the plain. A third, without helmet, and with flowing hair and beard, held a shield for the defence of the principal figure. Under the horses' feet, and scattered about the relief, were the conquered, wounded by the arrows of the conquerors.

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God!" and both joining in this pious exclamation, they galloped off, without further words, in the direction of their tents.

On reaching the ruins Layard found the workmen at the foot of a deep trench.

> Whilst Awad advanced and asked for a present to celebrate the occasion, the Arabs withdrew the screen they had hastily constructed, and disclosed an enormous human head sculptured in full out of the alabaster of the country. They had uncovered the upper part of a figure, the remainder of which was still buried in the earth. I saw at once that the head must belong to a winged lion or bull, similar to those of Khorsobad and Persepolis.

It was a masterpiece of Assyrian art. As Layard had conjectured, it was the upper part of a huge human-headed bull, one of a pair which had stood on each side of a doorway. It was not surprising that the workmen had been so amazed and terrified by the apparition.

> The gigantic head, blanched with age, thus rising from the bowels of the earth, might well have belonged to one of those fearful beings which are pictured in the traditions of the country, as appearing to mortals slowly ascending from the regions below. One of the workmen, on catching the first glimpse of the monster, had thrown down his basket and run off towards Mosul, as fast as his legs would carry him. I learned this with regret, as I anticipated the consequences

These were soon apparent. The report of the terrified Arab threw Mosul into commotion. The inhabitants poured out of the town and across the river to see the miracle. Other complications, both political and theological, soon arose. The Ulema (holy men) called together hurriedly to discuss the matter, were unable to decide whether Nimrud had been a true-believing prophet or an infidel, but in the meantime they sent a protest to the Governor, Ismail Pasha, who had replaced the detestable Kerith Oglu. He was a much more reasonable man than his predecessor, but was compelled to ask Layard to suspend operations until the matter was cleared up. He gave orders that "the remains should be treated with respect, and by no means be disturbed, but that excavations should be stopped at once".

Layard complied, dismissing all but a handful of work-

men, until the disturbance had subsided. In the meantime he was able to study at leisure the remains of the palaces he had uncovered, and indulge in some typical nineteenth-century reflections on the ruins.

For twenty-five centuries they had hidden from the eye of man, and they now stood forth once more in their ancient majesty. But how changed was the scene around them! The luxury and civilisation of a mighty nation had given place to the wretchedness and ignorance of a few half-barbarous tribes. The wealth of temples, and riches of great cities, had been succeeded by ruins and shapeless heaps of earth. Above the spacious hall in which they stood the plough had passed, and the corn now waved . . . for now is 'Nineveh a desolation and dry like a wilderness, and flocks lie down in the midst of her; all the beasts of the nations, both the cormorant and the bittern lodge in the upper lintels of it; their voice sings in the windows; and desolation is in the thresholds.'[1]

Nimrud, of course, was not Nineveh, but the quotation was apposite enough.

It had now become clear that if the work was to proceed two things were necessary, (*a*) firm authority from the Turkish Government, and (*b*) a grant from the British Treasury. Canning, in Constantinople, succeeded at last in obtaining the first, but when, at the end of his term as British Ambassador to the Porte, he returned to England and tried to enlist official support for Layard, he had little encouragement. It was only when he threatened, half in jest, to co-operate with Rawlinson (now installed in Baghdad) in a joint enterprise, that at last the British Museum advanced £2000, a miserably inadequate sum in contrast with the generous allowance Botta had received from his Government. But even before official confirmation of the grant came through, Layard had returned to his self-appointed task.

His troubles were not over, even when the necessary firman was granted by the Porte. Botta had been temporarily replaced at Mosul by another Frenchman, Rouet, a mean-spirited and jealous man, who did his best, by private intrigue, to hinder Layard's work, and also sent his agents in all directions to stake claims on as many unexcavated mounds as possible. Thus began an undignified international scramble

[1] Zephaniah, ii. 13 and 14.

for portable Assyrian antiquities, with the Louvre and the British Museum cheering from the sidelines. Fortunately there were scholars who remained aloof from this sordid struggle, and gave generous and unstinted help to their colleagues of other nationalities. Rawlinson, for example, worked away steadily at the decipherment of the cuneiform, and, in order to enable him to continue working in the hot weather, built himself a little shelter at the bottom of the Residency garden overlooking the river. Over this shelter water was pumped perpetually, enabling the great man to work in tolerable comfort, even when the temperature of Baghdad rose to 120 degrees in the shade. In this water-cooled study both Botta and Layard were equally welcome.

When, in November, 1846, Layard's workmen once more drove their picks and spades into the mound of Nimrud, the discoveries he made more than fulfilled his dreams. The little boy who had lain 'under the great Florentine table' absorbed in *The Arabian Nights* was able to tell the Victorian world a tale almost as fantastic—though true.

> The six weeks following the commencement of excavations upon a large scale were among the most prosperous and fruitful in events, during my researches in Assyria. Every day produced some new discovery. . . .

One by one the stone-lined chambers of the palaces of Ashurbanipal and Ezarhaddon revealed themselves after a darkness of nearly 3000 years. As hundreds of tons of earth were removed by the chanting workmen, the sculptured reliefs and inscriptions, the entrances guarded by winged bulls and lions, the procession of gods, gleamed in the sunlight. The brutal vigour of Assyrian art was equalled by the savagery of many of the scenes it depicted. For the Assyrians, as we know now, were essentially a warrior-race. Such culture as they possessed—the cuneiform system of writing, the sciences of mathematics, astronomy, medicine, were borrowed from the earlier peoples whom they overthrew, and whose documents they copied. The walls of the palaces in which the Assyrian kings feasted and held court were adorned, not with painted frescoes depicting gardens, flowers, trees and birds, as, for example, in Egypt, but either scenes of battle and conquest, or the triumphs and celebra-

tions which followed. Here are a few brief extracts from Layard's description of these scenes.

> . . . the king, the two warriors with their standards, and a eunuch are in chariots; and four warriors, amongst whom is also a eunuch, on horses. The enemy fight on foot, and discharge their arrows. . . . Eagles hover above the victors, and one is already feeding on a dead body. . . . Groups of men, fighting or slaying the enemy, are introduced in several places; and three headless bodies are the principal figures in the second bas-relief representing the dead. . . .

Even grimmer were some of the reliefs discovered later; prisoners are shown as being impaled on spikes, or flayed alive, and the inscriptions, when they were eventually deciphered, contained such lines as:

> I slew one of every two I built a wall before the great gates of the city; I flayed the chief men of the rebels, and I covered the wall with their skins. Some of them were enclosed alive within the bricks of the wall, some of them were crucified with stakes along the wall; I caused a great multitude of them to be flayed in my presence, and I covered the wall with their skins.

With such scenes and words before our eyes, we can understand the exultation of the prophet Nahum at the thought of Nineveh's destruction.

> 'Woe to the bloody city! it is all full of lies and robbery; the prey departeth not.'
>
> 'The noise of the whip, and the noise of the rattling wheels, and the prancing horses, and the jumping chariots.'
>
> '. . . Thy shepherds slumber, O king of Assyria; they thy nobles shall dwell in the dust, thy people is scattered upon the mountains, and no man gathereth them.'
>
> 'There is no healing of thy bruise; thy wound is grievous; all that hear the bruit of thee clap their hands over thee; for upon whom hath not thy wickedness passed continually?'

In the following year, 1847, before he returned to London, Layard took soundings in the mound of Nineveh (Küyünjik) and located the palace of Sennacherib. But he was not to excavate it thoroughly until two years later. Meanwhile, back in England, he had the mortification of finding that

when his precious cases of antiquities were opened in the British Museum, many of the objects were broken, a number were missing, and the whole collection had been disarranged and the cataloguing ruined.

The mischief was traced back to Bombay. There, while the cases were resting in the Customs House preparatory to shipment to England, the local British colony could not resist the temptation to open the cases and examine their contents. A local clergyman had even given a lecture on the most precious of Layard's finds, the famous Black Obelisk of Shalmaneser III—no doubt in support of some half-baked religious theory. For whereas, in France, interest in Assyrian antiquities was predominantly scientific and æsthetic, British scholarship was, at this period, bedevilled by cranky theologians determined to establish the literal truth of the Old Testament. When the Bombay clergyman and his friends had enjoyed themselves, they repacked Layard's finds so carelessly that many of them were injured or destroyed, and their archæological value impaired.

By contrast, Botta's discoveries were transported to France with the greatest care; the French Government provided a naval vessel for the purpose, and liberally financed the preparation and publication of Botta's *Monument de Niniv*é in five magnificent volumes with steel-engravings reproduced from the lovely drawings of Flandin.

> So appreciative were the French of the real value of his finds [writes Seton Lloyd] that in fact the sum granted for this production equalled, if not exceeded, that which originally made the excavations possible.[1]

When Layard tried to obtain official financial support for the publication of his own drawings and plans, he was refused. Fortunately John Murray's publishing firm stepped in, and it is to them we owe the folio of drawings which eventually appeared. Layard also wrote a more popular account, *Nineveh and its Remains*, which aroused such interest among the general public that, in 1849, the British Museum was moved to offer him £4000 to reopen his excavations. Later, after it had been accepted, the offer was reduced to £3000.

[1] Lloyd, Seton. *Foundations in the Dust.*

In October, 1849, Layard returned to Mosul, and with Christian Rassam, the British Vice-Consul, recommenced his excavations. By this time Rawlinson and others had made such progress with the decipherment of the cuneiform writing that it was possible to read simple inscriptions. Attention now began to be centred on these, even more than on sculptured scenes, though these too acquired fresh interest, as they were often inscribed, and might reveal the names of the Assyrian kings and details of their campaigns.

Layard now turned his attention to the mound of Kūyūnjik (Nineveh), and was rewarded by finding the palace of Sennacherib, the same king who is mentioned in the second Book of Kings (ch. 19).

Now in the fourteenth year of King Hezekiah did Sennacherib king of the Assyrians come up against all the fenced cities of Judah and took them.

And Hezekiah king of Judah sent to the king of Assyria to Lachish, saying; I have offended; return from me; that which thou puttest on me I will bear. And the king of Assyria appointed unto Hezekiah king of Judah three hundred talents of silver and thirty talents of gold

And Hezekiah gave him all the silver that was found in the house of the Lord, and in the treasures of the king's house.

At that time did Hezekiah cut off the gold from the doors of the temple of the Lord and from the pillars which Hezekiah King o Judah had overlaid, and gave it to the king of Assyria.

The Jews, like other petty tribes whose lands lay athwart the path of the Assyrian and Egyptian armies, had suffered the usual fate of such peoples when the two mighty empires were in conflict. Hezekiah had sided with the Egyptians, and his punishment was to see his 'fenced cities' destroyed, and to pay heavy tribute to the Assyrian king.

When Layard dug into the mound of Kuyūnjik, he found, on the inner walls of Sennacherib's palace, a sculptured relief showing the siege of the town of Lachish mentioned in the above passage. The whole violent scene is depicted with the usual vigour and realism of Assyrian sculpture—the attackers mining under the walls, the helmeted warriors climbing a steep ramp under the protection of their shields, and the showers of stones, torches and flaming arrows

thrown down by the desperate but doomed defenders. Then follows the triumph, with Sennacherib, seated on his throne, receiving the throngs of captives, men and women, while the captured Jewish chieftains, pinioned to the ground, are being flayed alive by torturers armed with long knives.

One does not blame Hezekiah for stripping the gold from the House of the Lord to save himself and his people from such a fate.

But Layard's greatest triumph at Nineveh was the discovery of the Royal Library, two large chambers piled more than a foot deep in inscribed tablets; 26,000 of them, ranging from historical literature and diplomatic correspondence to business contracts, and scientific and medical documents.

> Science held high place; medicine proper (distinct from magic) is accorded due position on some five hundred tablets, which give good, honest, practical prescriptions for every ill under the sun, from ear-ache to ophthalmia, to childbirth and the restoration of the apparently drowned, showing a knowledge of some five hundred drugs; botany had recorded some hundreds of names of plants, with a vast display of knowledge of their properties; the chemist had already discovered the practical use of a large number of minerals . . . and he has left an invaluable treatise on the components of glass and the glazes of pottery.[1]

But we owe this literature, not to the Assyrians, but to the peoples of Babylonia and Sumeria, who developed a high civilisation in Lower Mesopotamia more than 2000 years before Sennacherib was born. In fact some of the folk-myths, epic poetry and legend found in the Assyrian king's library was as remote from Sennacherib as he is from us. The Assyrian scribes had copied and adapted them.

Layard and the archæologists of 1849 did not know this, but, like Schliemann when he excavated Troy and Mycenæ, they set the feet of later generations of scholars on the path which led them in time to the discovery of a much earlier and more attractive civilisation. The work of these later archæologists, and the Sumerian Lost Cities they discovered, will be discussed in the next chapter.

In April, 1851, Henry Layard returned once more to London. His archæological work was over, and his diplomatic career had begun. One hundred and twenty cases of his finds

[1] R. Campbell-Thomson. *A Century of Exploration at Nineveh.* London, 1929.

were shipped to England, to find a resting-place in the British Museum, where they occupy a great deal of wall-space. There, if you are so minded, you may study the exploits of those grim warriors; bearded, like the Victorians themselves, they suggest something of Victorian ruthlessness and love of power. Seton Lloyd observes:

> These enormous Assyrian bulls had something in common with the ponderous conservative philosophy of the mid-Victorian period, with its unshakable faith in the best of all possible worlds, with its definite social castes duly prescribed by the Catechism, all doubtless to be maintained *in saecula saeculorum*

To us who have had more intimate acquaintance with the realities of war and conquest, the savage power of the Assyrian reliefs has less appeal. To the writer at least, the interest lies more in the character and achievements of the man who found them.

To those who argue that these archaeological treasures should have been left in Mesopotamia, there are two possible answers. First, if the mounds of Küyünjik, Nimrud, could have been left undisturbed to be found by our own generation they would undoubtedly have been excavated with much greater care and skill, and much that was destroyed would have been saved. But from the moment that Europeans became interested in Ancient Assyria, it was inevitable that the ancient cities would be excavated. If Layard had not removed the sculptures and brought them to England, either they would have been taken to other European museums, or, left exposed, as many were, they would have been deliberately destroyed by the ignorant fanaticism of the Arabs, to whom every 'graven image' was an abomination. So, taking the long view, perhaps both Britain and Iraq have reason to be grateful to Henry Layard.

CHAPTER THREE

LOST CITIES OF BABYLONIA

THE ASSYRIAN cities—Nineveh, Nimrud, Ashur and others—were built mainly along the upper reaches of the Tigris in the hill country of northern Mesopotamia. Hundreds of miles to the south, where the two great rivers, the Tigris and Euphrates, crawl sluggishly across an endless, dun-coloured plain, lay the much more ancient land of Sumeria, later called Babylonia. To the authors of the Old Testament it was the 'Land of Shinar' to which the descendants of Noah journeyed 'from the east' and built themselves a city.

> *And the whole earth was of one language, and of one speech. And it came to pass, as they journeyed from the east, that they found a plain in the land of Shinar; and they dwelt there. And they said to one another 'Go to, let us make brick, and burn them thoroughly.' And they had brick for stone, and slime they had for mortar. And they said 'Go to, let us build a city and a tower, whose top may reach unto heaven; and let us make us a name, lest we be scattered abroad upon the face of the whole earth.'*

So begins the eleventh chapter of Genesis. The primitive ancestors of the Jews probably did settle in this area, but if so they were only one people among many. What is quite certain is that one of the two earliest civilisations on earth grew up in Lower Mesopotamia,[1] and among its cities was 'Ur of the Chaldees', birthplace of Abraham.

Until the middle of the last century nothing was known of the Sumerians and their civilisation, apart from a few references to Shinar in the Bible. The land itself did not attract travellers. Sir Leonard Woolley's description of it tells us why:

> Standing on the summit of this mound [of Ur] one can distinguish along the eastern skyline the dark tasselled fringe of the

[1] The other was Egypt.

palm-gardens on the river's bank, but to north and west and south as far as the eye can see stretches a waste of unprofitable sand. To the south-west the flat line of the horizon is broken by a grey upstanding pinnacle, the ruins of the staged tower of the sacred city of Eridu which the Sumerians believed to be the oldest city on earth, and to the north-west a shadow thrown by the low sun may tell the whereabout of the low mound of al 'Ubaid; but otherwise nothing relieves the monotony of the vast plain over which the shimmering heat-waves dance and the mirage spreads its mockery of placid waters. It seems incredible that such a wilderness should ever have been habitable for man, and yet the weathered hillocks at one's feet cover the temples and houses of a very great city.[1]

Yet to anyone responsive to the appeal of the remote past, southern Mesopotamia has a compelling fascination. For just as, at sunset, sky and cloud, sea and land, form and re-form in ever-changing patterns, so, in Iraq, Old Testament stories, Babylonian myths, written history and archæological revelations merge and mingle so that one hardly knows where one element ends and the next begins.

For example, we have already quoted the passage in Genesis which describes how the descendants of Noah built a city in the Land of Shinar. But we can go back even further than that, to the story of the Deluge.

> *And it came to pass after seven days that the waters of the flood were upon the earth. . . . And the flood was forty days upon the earth, and the waters increased, and bare up the ark, and it was lift up above the earth. . . . And the waters prevailed, and were increased greatly upon the earth, and the ark went upon the face of the waters.*

Among the 26,000 cuneiform tablets discovered by Layard in the Royal Library of Ashurbanipal at Nineveh was an epic poem called *Sa nagba imuru*, which means, 'He who saw everything', better known as the Epic of Gilgamesh. Tablet XI contains the following lines:

> *Man of Shuruppak, son of Ubar-Tutu,*
> *Tear down (thy) house, build a ship!*
> *Give up possessions, seek thou life.*

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Despise property and keep the soul alive!
Aboard the ship take thou the seed of all living things.
The ship that thou shalt build
Her dimensions shall be to measure.
Equal shall be her width and her length.
Like the Apsu shalt thou seal her....

Then the poem goes on to describe how Gilgamesh, the hero, built his ship.

Ten dozen cubits each edge of the square deck
I laid out the shape of her sides and joined her together....
...I hammered water-plugs into her.
I saw to the punting-poles and laid in supplies...

Then came the Deluge.

Consternation over Adad reaches to the heavens,
Turning to blackness all that has been light.
(The wide) land is shattered like (a pot)
For one day the south-storm (blew)
Gathering speed as it blew (submerging the mountains)
Overtaking the people like a battle.
No one can see his fellow,
Nor can the people be recognised from heaven....

—until, on the seventh day—

The flood-carrying south-storm subsided in the battle
Which it had fought like an army.
The sea grew quiet, the tempest was still, the flood ceased.
I looked at the weather; stillness had set in,
And all mankind had returned to clay.
The landscape was as level as a flat roof....

...On Mount Nisir the ship came to a halt.
Mount Nisir held the ship fast,
Allowing no motion....
When the seventh day arrived,
I sent forth and set free a dove.
The dove came forth, but came back;
There was no resting place for it and she turned round.

Then I sent forth and set free a swallow.
The swallow went forth, but came back;
There was no resting place for it and she turned round. . . .[1]

And so on, until at last 'a raven went forth and, seeing that the waters had diminished, he eats, circles, caws, and turns not round'. Nearly all the familiar elements of the Bible story are there (though the details are slightly different), but set down with far more energy, vividness and pace. Yet that Assyrian tablet, though probably inscribed in the eighth century BC, was subsequently proved to be a copy of a much more ancient Sumerian poem, examples of which have been found dating from about 1500 BC. And the poem itself is even older than that, probably dating from before the invention of writing (*circa* 3000 BC).

The Book of Genesis, in its present form, is not earlier than about 700 BC, and it is certain that the compilers of the Old Testament were drawing on literary material older than the earliest traditions of their own race; and that material came from the Land of Shinar, the birthplace of their patriarch Abraham. How they inherited it is not certain; it may have come down to them from their remote ancestors who lived in Lower Mesopotamia, but other elements may have been acquired when they were exiled in Babylon, in the sixth century BC.

In the first half of the nineteenth century European travellers in Lower Mesopotamia began to look for the Biblical cities. Babylon was easy to identify. Its site had never been lost, and among the tumbled mass of great mounds near the village of Hillah, 25 miles south of Baghdad, was one prominent artificial hill which still bore the name 'Babil'. In 1811, Claudius Rich, whom we have already met, rode there with his young wife. He was the first to make a thorough and intelligent examination of the ruins, which he sketched and surveyed. He watched local workmen excavating and carrying away tons of ancient mud-bricks, and was able to take away a few inscribed specimens (as noted by Lord Byron). At this time the cuneiform script had not been deciphered, and Rich had neither the resources nor the skill to make a scientific investigation.

[1] *Ancient Near Eastern Texts*. Princeton University Press, 1950. (Translation of *The Epic of Gilgamesh*, by E. A. Speiser)

Nevertheless, his *Memoir on the Ruins of Babylon*, originally published in Vienna, stirred the interest of European savants, and gave the initial impetus to Mesopotamian archæology. Despite the conventional piety of its introduction, which exhorts us to remember how unimportant Babylon was in the eyes of the Jewish God, the *Memoir* breathes the true spirit of scientific enquiry. The young Englishman went to Babylon not to sentimentalise over its ruins, but to observe, measure, and record his findings for the benefit of future investigators. His book is well illustrated with his careful maps, drawings and plans. Armed with the works of Herodotus, Strabo and other classical writers who described the city, he set out to identify, if he could, the features they had mentioned.

> From the accounts of modern travellers, [he wrote] I had expected to have found, on the site of Babylon, more or less than I actually did. Less, because I could have formed no conception of the prodigious extent of the whole ruins, or of the size, solidity, and perfect state, of some of the parts of them; and more because I thought that I should have distinguished some traces, however imperfect, of many of the principal structures of Babylon. I imagined I should have said "here were the walls, and such must have been the extent of the area. There stood the palace, and this most assuredly was the tower of Belus." I was completely deceived; instead of a few isolated mounds, I found the whole face of the country covered with vestiges of building, in some places consisting of brick walls surprisingly fresh, in others, merely a vast succession of mounds of rubbish. . . .

Hills and banks of earth and brick, broken by deep ravines and honeycombed with tunnels made by brick-quarriers, and, occasionally, substantial fragments of well-built brick walls, were all that Rich could see of 'the mighty city' of the Old Testament, where Belshazzar the King had

> *made a great feast to a thousand of his lords, and drank wine before the thousand.*

And where was the great hall in which—

> *came forth the fingers of a man's hand, and wrote over against the candlestick upon the plaster of the wall of the king's palace; and the king saw the part of the hand that wrote . . .*

If parts of it still existed, there was no means of identifying them. Nor did Rich manage to trace any remains of the mighty walls which Herodotus described in the fifth century BC.

As for the legendary Tower of Babel, Rich finally narrowed down its possible site to two particularly high mounds, but without any strong conviction that either was correct. In fact, Babylon was altogether a puzzle and a disappointment. Though huge, the site had been so plundered and hacked about that it seemed impossible ever to establish layout or identify its buildings.

Forty years after Rich's visit, Henry Layard came to Babylon. The sight of the wide-spreading ruins of the once-proud capital of western Asia moved him deeply.

> I shall never forget the effect produced upon me by the long lines and vast masses of mounds, which mark the site of ancient Babylon, as they appeared in the distance one morning as the day broke behind them. The desolation, the solitude, those shapeless heaps, all that remains of a great and renowned city, are well calculated to impress and excite the imagination. As when I first beheld the mounds of Nineveh, a longing came over me to learn what was hidden within them, and a kind of presentiment that I should one day seek to clear up the mystery.

But in this case Layard's presentiment was false. He was no more successful than Rich in establishing the layout of the city, or in finding objects of intrinsic or artistic value. Such discoveries as he made were minor ones, the usual inscribed bricks (all bearing the name Nebuchadnezzar), some pottery and seal-cylinders, and a few late skeletons, probably dating from Seleucid times.

> No relic or ornament had been buried with the bodies. The wood of the coffins was in the last stage of decay, and could only be taken out piecemeal. A foul and unbearable stench issued from these loathsome remains, and from the passages which had become the dens of wild animals, who had worked their way into them from above. . . .

After a few weeks Layard had to admit defeat and disappointment. 'The discoveries', he wrote, 'were far less numerous and important than I could have anticipated, nor

did they tend to prove that there were remains beneath the heaps of earth and rubbish which would reward more extensive excavations. . . . There will be nothing to be hoped for from the site of Babylon.' But nearly half a century later the great man was proved to have been utterly wrong.

However, it would be unfair to blame Layard; because when he made his pessimistic forecast little was known about the ancient cities of Lower Mesopotamia. Many were known to exist; their dark mounds rose in scores along the banks of the two rivers, and on the wide-spreading plain between. Now that the ancient writing could be partially read, a few of these mounds had even been identified from inscribed bricks found on the sites. But it was still not realised that, unlike the Assyrians, who had near access to good building-stone, the peoples of ancient Babylonia and Sumeria had had to build their cities almost entirely of mud-brick, either sun-dried or burned; indeed often they did not even bother to make bricks but built their walls of solid mud. When such cities fall into ruins, it is almost impossible to distinguish between remains of walls and the surrounding earth and fallen debris. The archæological methods of 1850 were quite unequal to this task; Layard, when he began trenching in the mounds of Babylon, cut through mud-brick walls and rubbish alike, without realising which was which. Botta had a similar puzzling experience at Ashur, the old capital of Assyria, which was also built of mud-brick. A new technique of excavation was needed, calling for minute observation, scrupulous care, and great patience; the touch of the watch-maker, rather than the blacksmith. The pioneers of this new 'fine-comb' method in Mesopotamia were the German archæologists of the Deutsche-Orient Gesellschaft. Their leader was Dr Robert Koldewey.

The romance of Koldewey's achievement was of a different kind from that of Layard and Botta. In March, 1899, he arrived in Babylon, which was still the same confused jumble of mounds, ditches and ravines which Rich and Layard had seen. Yet when, fifteen years later, the outbreak of the First World War stopped the excavations, the ruins had taken on a shape. The city which Herodotus had seen nearly twenty-five centuries before, with its Sacred Way, its Ishtar Gate flanked by huge towers, and almost every one of its principal buildings, even the remains of the great wall which Rich

failed to find, could be identified with precision. Near the centre of the city they had identified Etemenanki, with its high *ziggurat*, or staged tower, which was proved to have stood to a height of nearly 250 feet—almost certainly this was the original Tower of Babel described in Genesis, although Birs Nimrud, farther west of the city, is an alternative candidate.

Babylon was one of the most ancient cities of southern Mesopotamia. It was the capital of the great King Khammurabi (*circa* 1790 BC), but its origins go back even further, probably to about 3000 BC. The city is mentioned in the tenth chapter of Genesis, which speaks of Nimrud, and adds,

> *and the beginning of his kingdom was Babel and Erech, and Accad, and Calneh in the land of Shinar.*[1]

But the Babylon which Koldewey investigated was that of King Nebuchadnezzar (605–562 BC), who carried the Jews into captivity with 'the princes of Judah and Jerusalem, and the carpenters, and the smiths', the time of which Jeremiah spoke, when

> *A voice was heard in Ramah, lamentations, and bitter weeping; Rachael weeping for her children, refused to be comforted for her children, because they were not . . .*

It was this city which Herodotus saw in the fifth century BC. Until fifty years ago, when Koldewey laid bare the streets and temples, the Greek historian's description was still one of the main sources of information concerning Nebuchadnezzar's city. He says of it:

> In addition to its size it surpasses in splendour any city in the known world.

And then goes on to describe the great wall, which, he says, covered a circuit of fifty-six miles and had a breadth of fifty cubits (about eighty feet). He estimated its height at 200 cubits (about 320 feet).

> On the top of the wall they constructed, along each edge, a row of one-roomed buildings facing inwards with enough space

[1] The sites of these cities have been identified.

between for a four-horse chariot to run. There are a hundred gates in the circuit of the wall, all of bronze with bronze uprights and lintels. . . . The great wall I have described is, so to speak, the breastplate or chief defence of the city; but there is a second one within it, not so thick but hardly less strong. There is a fortress in the middle of each half of the city; in one the royal palace surrounded by a wall of great strength, in the other the temple of Bel, the Babylonian Zeus. . . . It has a solid central tower, one furlong square, with a second erected on top of it and then a third, and so on up to eight. . . . On the summit of the topmost tower stands a great temple with a fine large couch in it, richly covered, and a golden table beside it. The shrine contains no image, and no one spends the night there except (if we may believe the Chaldeans who are the priests of Bel) one Assyrian woman, all alone, whoever it may be that the god had chosen. The Chaldeans also say—though I do not believe them—that the god enters the temple in person and rests upon the bed.

Herodotus also describes how the Euphrates divided Babylon into two districts, and that in earlier times citizens wishing to pass from one district to the other had to use boats. However, Nitocris, a Babylonian queen, temporarily diverted the river into a basin, and then

as near as possible to the centre of the city she built a bridge over the river with the blocks of stone which she had prepared, using iron and lead to bind the blocks together. . . . Finally, when the basin had been filled and the bridge finished, the river was brought back into its original bed . . .[1]

Other classical authors, such as Pliny, Strabo and Ctesias, supplemented this information, and Diodorus the Sicilian wrote of the 'hanging gardens' of Queen Semiramis. These were raised on a high platform on which grew grass, flowers, and large trees, perpetually watered by artificial streams fed by water pumped from the river. There had also been a great processional way, raised high above the ground-level of the city, which had straight streets set at right-angles, and temples and palaces, the magnificence of which had no parallel in the ancient world.

[1] Herodotus. *The Histories*, translated by Aubrey de Selincourt.

To disinter what survived of these glories, and to reconstruct on paper what had perished, would seem an impossible task. It is to the lasting credit of Koldewey and his assistants—both German and Iraqui—that they succeeded.

Presumably the following of baked-clay walls, [writes Seton Lloyd] which presents little difficulty, led imperceptibly to the mastery of the far more difficult task of tracing sun-dried brickwork. It is, in any case, certain that by the end of their second season they had equipped themselves with a gang of skilled Arab wall-tracers whose descendants and successors have formed the nucleus of the workmen employed on almost every excavation from that day to this . . . the recovery of architectural detail became a fine art, with the result that, by the time the work at Babylon was interrupted by the first rumours of war in Europe, the whole layout of the imperial city with its complicated fortifications, monumental gateways, procession street, and almost every one of its principal buildings had been excavated or sufficiently traced to make a convincing and reliable reconstruction.[1]

To attempt to summarise Koldewey's work in a few pages would be an impertinence, but here are a few examples. The German excavators found remains of the great girdle wall which Herodotus describes, and which Rich and Layard failed to locate. In most respects the Greek historian had been right. There were, as he wrote, two walls, an inner and an outer, the space between being filled with rubble. The inner wall was of crude brick, the outer of burned brick, and at intervals of roughly 165 feet along the inner wall were towers, each about twenty-seven feet wide and projecting beyond the wall on both its faces. The total width of the two walls, with the rubble filling, was approximately eighty feet, the dimensions given by Herodotus; a width sufficient, as Koldewey writes, 'for a team of four horses abreast, and even for two such teams to pass each other.'

'This broad roadway,' he adds, 'was of the greatest importance for the protection of the great city. It rendered possible the rapid shifting of defensive forces at any time to that part of the wall which was specially pressed by attack.'

The main discrepancy between Herodotus' description and Koldewey's findings was in the length of the outer wall.

[1] Lloyd, Seton. *Foundations in the Dust.*

between for a four-horse chariot to run. There are a hundred gates in the circuit of the wall, all of bronze with bronze uprights and lintels. . . . The great wall I have described is, so to speak, the breastplate or chief defence of the city; but there is a second one within it, not so thick but hardly less strong. There is a fortress in the middle of each half of the city; in one the royal palace surrounded by a wall of great strength, in the other the temple of Bel, the Babylonian Zeus. . . . It has a solid central tower, one furlong square, with a second erected on top of it and then a third, and so on up to eight. . . . On the summit of the topmost tower stands a great temple with a fine large couch in it, richly covered, and a golden table beside it. The shrine contains no image, and no one spends the night there except (if we may believe the Chaldeans who are the priests of Bel) one Assyrian woman, all alone, whoever it may be that the god had chosen. The Chaldeans also say—though I do not believe them—that the god enters the temple in person and rests upon the bed.

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ground of blue enamelled bricks, marched in line on either side of the broad, paced road. As Koldewey writes:

> The high defensive walls . . . guarded the approach to the gate. Manned by the defenders, the road was a real pathway of death to the foe who should attempt it. The impression of peril and horror was heightened for the enemy, and also for peaceful travellers, by the impressive decoration of long rows of lions advancing one behind the other with which the walls were adorned in low relief with brilliant enamels.

Within the southern citadel, called by the Arabs the Kasr, the archæologist excavated the lower part of a vaulted building with fourteen massive barrel-vaults which 'could move as freely upwards or downwards within the enclosing quadrangle as the joint of a telescope'. The Babylonians of 600 BC understood the function of that expanding joint. Koldewey continues: 'In this respect the vaulted building is unique among the buildings of Babylon; and in another respect it is also exceptional. Stone was used in the building. . . . It is remarkable that in all the literature referring to Babylon, including the cuneiform inscriptions, stone is only mentioned as used in two places, in the north wall of the Kasr *and in the hanging gardens. . . .*'[1] (My italics.)

In one of the western cells of this vaulted structure, the excavators came upon a curious well, unlike any found in Babylon or any other ancient city. It had three shafts, an oblong one in the centre with a square shaft on each side. 'I can see no other explanation,' writes Koldewey, 'than that a mechanical hydraulic machine stood there, which worked on the same principle as our chain pump, where buckets attached to a chain work on a wheel placed over the wall.'

There seems little doubt that this was the substructure of the building which supported the famous Hanging Gardens, vainly sought for by former explorers. Probably the vaulted roof bore the layer of earth on which the trees were planted.

> The roof is protected by an unusually deep layer of earth. The air that entered the chambers through the leaves of the trees must have been delightfully cooled by the continuous watering

[1] Koldewey, Robert. *The Excavations at Babylon*

Herodotus makes the total circuit fifty-six miles, Koldewey only thirteen miles. The figure given by Ctesias is approximately forty-two miles—four times the correct measurement, which suggests that Ctesias mistook the figures representing the whole circumference for the measure of one side of the square. As for Herodotus, arithmetic was never his strong point.

Nebuchadnezzar himself mentions this work in a cuneiform inscription, quoted by the German scholar.

> That no assault should reach Imgur-Bel, the wall of Babylon; I did, *what no earlier king had done, for 4000 ells of land on the* side of Babylon, at a distance that it (the assault) did not come nigh, I caused a mighty wall to be built on the east side of Babylon. I dug out its moat, and I built a scarp, with bitumen[1] and bricks. *A mighty* wall I built *on its* edge, *mountain-high*....

Koldewey also found and excavated the great ceremonial roadway which passed north to south through the central area of the city. The central part of this road was laid with slabs of limestone more than three feet square, and on each side were 'slabs of red breccia veined with white'. The edge of each slab was inscribed with the words:

> Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, son of Nabopolassar, King of Babylon, am I. The Babel street I pave with blocks of shadu stone for the procession of the great Lord Marduk. Marduk, Lord, grant eternal life.

Marduk was one of the chief gods of Babylon.

This processional roadway was lined on each side with high defensive walls, twenty-three feet thick, and adorned with brilliantly coloured enemalled bricks, many of which were found on the site. These high walls led to the mighty Ishtar Gate, a double gateway still standing to a height of forty feet, and covered with enamelled brick reliefs of bulls and dragons in vivid colours. The effect of this grand ceremonial approach, and massive walls and towering gate, must have been awe-inspiring. The lions, a glowing gold against a

[1] Bitumen is common in Iraq The translator of the passage from Genesis quoted at the beginning of this chapter uses the word 'slime', but the correct translation of the Hebrew word is 'cement', *i.e* bitumen.

ground of blue enamelled bricks, marched in line on either side of the broad, paced road. As Koldewey writes:

> The high defensive walls . . . guarded the approach to the gate. Manned by the defenders, the road was a real pathway of death to the foe who should attempt it. The impression of peril and horror was heightened for the enemy, and also for peaceful travellers, by the impressive decoration of long rows of lions advancing one behind the other with which the walls were adorned in low relief with brilliant enamels.

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of the vegetation. Possibly the palace officials did a great part of their business in these cool chambers during the heat of the summer . . . the protection of the roof from the permeation of moisture, as described by Greek and Roman authors, agrees well with what we know of the practice of ancient architects.

The author adds 'the expression *hanging* has no doubt heightened the fame of the gardens, although the term *pensilis* (from Curtis Rufus) conveyed no such marvellous ideas to ancient scholars as they do to us. *Pensilis* are the balconies of the Romans, and were nothing out of the common for them. The reason that the hanging gardens were ranked among the seven wonders of the world was that they were laid out on the roof of an occupied building.'

South of the principal court the excavators found the largest chamber in the citadel, the throne-room of the kings of Babylon, over 150 feet long and sixty feet wide. Opposite the main door was a double niche in which no doubt the throne stood, so that the king could be seen by those who stood outside the great court. Here, possibly, Belshazzar held feast on that fateful night when the Medes and Persians stormed the city.

And in that night was Belshazzar the king slain, and his kingdom divided.

One by one the principal buildings were revealed by the Germans' patient methods; the Temple of Nimach, the Moat Wall of Imgur-Bel, and the sacred precinct which enclosed the *Ziggurat* (Tower) Etemenanki, 'the foundation stone of heaven and earth'—The Tower of Babylon itself. It consisted of a huge rectangular courtyard, surrounded by buildings, some perhaps intended to house pilgrims who came to the shrine of the god, others the rich and spacious homes of the high priests. This was, as Koldewey says, 'the Vatican of Babylon', the place which Herodotus described as 'The brazen-doored sanctuary of Zeus Belus'. From one end of the courtyard rose the tower itself, in eight stages, though to what height it originally climbed we cannot be certain. Both Nebuchadnezzar and his father Nabopolassar have left inscriptions which emphasise its height. Nabopolassar says:

At this time Marduk commanded me . . . ; the tower of Babylon, which in time before me had become weak, and had been

brought to ruin, to ay its foundations firm to the bosom of the underworld, while its top should stretch heavenwards (trans. Delitzsch).

And his son boasts that

To raise up the top of Etemenanki that it may rival heaven I laid my hand.

These great towers or ziggurats, the most characteristic feature of Sumerian, Babylonian and Assyrian cities, were a material expression of the plain-dwellers' yearning for height. From these lofty structures reared into the sky they could look down on what was then the most fertile land on earth, mile after mile of flat green fields, palm groves, and vineyards, criss-crossed by a network of irrigation canals, where now there is nothing but dull brown waste expanding to the horizon. At dawn and sunset the dried-up troughs of the ancient canals still show as dark lines across the alluvial plain, the only memorials of the millions who created one of the first two civilisations on earth.

That civilisation depended on the complex system of irrigation, developed and maintained over thousands of years, but when, in the thirteenth century, the Mongul hordes swept across Mesopotamia, burning, looting, and killing, the pumps ceased working, the channels silted up, the depopulated fields died.

Babylon itself, after a brief resurrection, had returned once more to the shapeless mass of ruins which Rich and Layard saw, for mud-brick walls, once exposed, soon crumble, and since the Germans left the Arab builders of Hillah have quarried away practically every brick of the Ziggurat of Etemenanki. It exists only in the pages of Koldewey's book, which one reads with a certain sadness.

For what is written information in comparison with the clearness of the evidence we gain from the buildings themselves, ruined though they are? The colossal mass of the tower, which the Jews of the Old Testament regarded as the essence of human presumption, amidst the proud palaces of the priests, the spacious treasuries, the innumerable lodgings for strangers—white walls, bronze doors, mighty fortification walls set round with lofty

portals and a forest of 1000 towers—the whole must have conveyed an overwhelming sense of greatness, power and wealth, such as rarely could have been found elsewhere in the great Babylonian kingdom.

I once beheld the great silver standing statue of the Virgin, over life-size, laden with votive offerings, rings, precious stones, gold and silver, borne on a litter by forty men, appear in the portal of the dome of Syracuse, high above the heads of the assembled crowds. . . . After the same fashion I picture to myself a procession of the god Marduk as he issued forth from Esagila, perhaps through the peribolos, to proceed on this triumphant way through the Procession Street of Babylon.

CHAPTER FOUR

LOST CITIES OF BABYLONIA (2)

DURING THE latter half of the nineteenth century scholars gradually mastered the cuneiform writing so that more and more of the ancient inscriptions could be read. It should be emphasised that cuneiform itself is not a language, but a writing system. Like the Latin alphabet, which can be used to write in German, French, Italian, and other European tongues, so the little wedge-shaped characters were used by many peoples of western Asia to write their own languages and dialects; Sumerian, Akkadian, Assyrian, Persian and so on. This had a direct and vital bearing on the search for the lost cities of Babylonia. Before the inscription could be deciphered, archæologists like Rich and Layard were interested mainly in material remains—buildings, sculpture, arms, furniture, and domestic objects—but once the inscriptions could be read a whole new chapter opened.

We have already mentioned the royal library of Sennacherib, discovered by Layard at Nineveh. In 1852 Layard's former assistant, Hormudz Rassam, re-opened the mound on behalf of the British Museum, and discovered yet another royal library, that of King Ashurbanipal; the floor of the chamber was stacked high with inscribed tablets, and on the walls were the famous 'lion-hunt' reliefs now on view in the British Museum. At the time these could not be fully deciphered, but later, when they were, they revealed that there had existed a much older civilisation in southern Mesopotamia, where, indeed, this system of writing appears to have been invented.

Already, however, thanks to the researches of Henry Rawlinson, who in 1851 had returned to his post as Resident in Baghdad, some names could be read. Two years earlier another young Englishman, William Kennet Loftus, a member of the Turco-Persian frontier commission, had made an adventurous trip on horseback across the desert and marshes of Chaldea from the Euphrates to the Tigris, accompanied

by a young friend, H. A. Churchill. He was astounded and excited to find, in many places, great mounds marking the sites of long-dead cities, and evidences of an elaborate system of cultivation, canals and ditches which proved that once there had been green fields and orchards where now there was only desert. The head of the Mission, Colonel Williams, was so impressed by the young men's report that he agreed that Loftus should undertake an excavation at one of these cities, in company of two friends, Boutcher and Kerr Lynch. Loftus returned to the site and dug there for three months, but the place was so huge that he could make but little impression on it. However, from inscriptions found there Rawlinson was able to identify the ancient name of the town. It was *Erech*. And again men remembered the tenth chapter of Genesis, which describes the generations of the sons of Noah:

> *And Cush begat Nimrud, he began to be a mighty one in the earth. . . . And the beginning of his kingdom was Babel, and Erech, and Accad, and Calneh in the land of Shinar. . . .*

Then Loftus moved to another site, Senkara, where his work was somewhat hindered by lions which hung about the camp at night and, one by one, devoured the archæologist's dogs.

> Poor Toga was heard to give one stifled yelp, and all was over with our last guardian; he was carried off and demolished at a meal.

Soon Rawlinson received inscribed tablets found at Senkara, and once again he was able to identify its original name. It was Larsa, the 'Ellasar' of the fourteenth chapter of Genesis.

While Loftus worked at Warka and Senkara, another amateur, J. E. Taylor, British Vice-Consul, was investigating the mound of Tell Muquyyar near Nasiryah. It had well-preserved remains of a high ziggurat. Into this Taylor drove a tunnel and by accident came upon a small inscribed cylinder in the corner of the mud-brick masonry. He dug into the other corners and found similar cylinders, which he sent to

Rawlinson for decipherment. The name was *Ur*, the city of the Chaldees, home of Abraham.

At this time none of the excavators who worked on these great mounds had any conception of their true age. Comparative dating by pottery, and the careful study of stratification, as an indication of age and comparative date, had yet to be developed. All that lay in the future, when a more scientific generation of archæologists were able to prove that some of these mounds, *eg* Warka, had been continuously occupied for more than 4000 years. In the meantime, as more hoards of baked clay tablets—palace archives—were found and read, it became possible to establish the names of the kings of these long-vanished civilisations, and to study their history, religion and folk-myths. And the mounds of Babylonia, which Layard and others thought would yield little or nothing, became of even greater interest than the stone-built palaces of the Assyrian kings, who, in comparison with the Sumerians, were mere newcomers.

A great impetus came when the tablets found in the Royal Libraries of Nineveh were properly deciphered, for many of these were found to be copies of much earlier documents. One of the pioneers in this field was George Smith, who, in the 'sixties, had been an apprentice to a firm of bank-note engravers. During his lunch-hours he used to frequent the British Museum, studying the Assyrian inscriptions which by this time were on exhibition. One of the Museum staff, impressed by the young man's enthusiasm and knowledge, gave him a small post on the staff, and encouraged him to study. This, of course, was what Smith wanted, and when he was given the task of sorting out and identifying the thousands of clay tablets from the Library of Ashurbanipal, he made a discovery which immediately brought him into the news. In his own words:

> Commencing a steady search . . . I soon found half of a curious tablet which had evidently contained originally six columns. . . . On looking down the third column, my eye caught the statement that the ship rested on the mountain of Nizir, followed by an account of the sending forth of the dove. . . . I saw at once that I had here discovered a portion at least of the Chaldean account of the deluge.

This was the passage part of which is quoted in the previous chapter. When Smith read a paper on the subject it caused such a stir, particularly among the theologians, that one of the London newspapers agreed to send Smith out to Nineveh at the head of an expedition, with a view to finding a portion of the story which was missing. The almost unbelievable fact is that, after cutting through the mounds of debris left by the previous excavators, he found, almost immediately, the precious missing fragment.

Smith, unhappily, died four years later, of dysentery contracted on a journey across the desert from Mosul to the Mediterranean, the first Assyriologist, as Seton Lloyd says, 'to meet his death in the field'.

The poem of which the Deluge story forms part is the Epic of Gilgamesh, a legendary hero of Sumerian folk-tale. As a work of literature it has been compared with Homer's epic poems. It is not in the Assyrian language, which was Semitic, but in an unknown, non-Semitic tongue. A number of other inscribed tablets found in the royal libraries were also in this language, and fortunately there were bilingual texts and syllabaries which enabled them to be deciphered and read. It was discoveries such as these, and tablets found on southern Mesopotamian sites, which introduced to the world the mysterious Sumerians, who had occupied Lower Mesopotamia at some remote period before 3000 BC. They share with the Ancient Egyptians the distinction of being the inventors of writing, and of creating the first civilisations on earth.

From the seventies to the present day, archæologists of several nations have helped to piece together the history of these people. By this time the trend of research had begun to change. Instead of pecking away at a large number of mounds in the hope of quickly finding portable loot for Museums, archæologists were sent out on organised expeditions, financed by their Governments, or by Universities or Museums, and concentrated on a thorough, leisurely exploration of a few selected cities. Such was the French expedition to the mound of Telloh (ancient Lagash) under Sarzec, and the American expedition under Peters, which dug for years at Nippur.

Ernest de Sarzec had been French Vice-Consul at Basra. Finding time hanging heavily on his hands he sought permis-

tion to excavate the extensive ruins of a then unknown city near the Shatt al Hai canal, about which he had been told by a certain Mr J. Asfar, a dealer in antiquities. First shaking off the eager bloodhound of the British Museum, Hormudz Rassam (who had also sniffed out the site), the Frenchman succeeded in getting exclusive permission to excavate, and a financial grant from his Government.[1] Then, season after season, for twenty-five years, he systematically examined the whole vast area. Although his excavating technique was almost brutal by modern standards, and his plans incomplete and sketchy, de Sarzec was the first man to dig out a large Sumerian city and to reveal its remarkable art to the world.

Although Sumerian art has many admirers, the writer must confess that he is not one of them. The archaic sculpture which de Sarzec found, the little, paunchy, pop-eyed men and gods, are certainly striking and vigorously executed. To a generation bored by the naturalism of Greek and Roman sculpture they provided a welcome stimulus, and when they were exhibited at the Louvre (where some of the finest examples are on view) they attracted wide interest among the great contemporary artists of the French school, and to some extent influenced their work. But compared with the Egyptian sculpture of the same period (*circa* 2500 BC), there is, in the writer's view, something perverted and repellent about Sumerian statuary. Like the Aztec or Maya art of North America, one either likes it or loathes it.

There are excellent examples in the British Museum, *eg* the famous Governor of Lagash, and in leading American Art Galleries such as New York and Pennsylvania. The reader must judge for himself.

Sumerian cities, such as Lagash, Eridu, Ur and Nippur, arose in the early part of the Third Millennium, though there were settlements on the sites in even earlier times. They were built of mud-brick, as described in Genesis, and contained palaces of their Governors or Kings (dependent on the status of the city) and one or more huge temples, of which the most prominent feature was a high tower or ziggurat. Their principal gods were nature-deities; such as Anu, god of the sky, Ki, the earth-goddess, Enlil, war leader and

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time in brotherly love, must eat, drink, work, and play, and make your home with him.' All this he promised, adding: 'You must make your master grant me a safe-conduct.' As to that, the master is the sole judge."

At this Rusty was delighted and said: "Splendid, my intelligent servant, splendid! You must have taken counsel with my own heart before speaking. I grant him a safe-conduct. You must hasten to conduct him here, but not until he too has bound himself by oath toward me. Yes, there is sound sense in the saying

> Polished, fully tested,
> Sturdy too, and straight
> Are the pillars proper
> To a house—or state.

Again

> Wit is shown in hours of crisis
> Doctors' wit, in sore disease;
> Counselors', in patching friendship—
> All are wise in hours of ease."

Now Victor thought, as he set out to meet Lively: "Well, well! The master is gracious to me and ready to do my bidding. So there is none more blest than I. For

> Four things are nectar: milky food,
> A fire in chilly weather,
> An honor granted by the king,
> And loved ones, close together."

So he found Lively, and said respectfully: "My friend, I won the old master's favor for you, and made him give you a safe-conduct. You may go without anxiety. Still, though you have favor in the eyes of the king, you must act in agreement with me. You must not play the haughty master. I for my part, in alliance with you, will take the role of counselor, and bear the whole burden of administration. Thus we shall both enjoy royal affluence. For

Are soon betrayed when they are drunk
Or talking in their sleep.

In any case, what doubt can there be where a woman is concerned?

With one she tries the gossip's art;
Her glances with a second flirt;
She holds another in her heart:
Whom does she love enough to hurt?

And again

The logs will glut the hungry fire,
The rivers glut the sea's desire,
And Death with life be glutted, when
The flirt has had enough of men.

No chance, no corner dark,
No man to woo:
Then, holy sage, you find
A woman true.

And once again:

The blunderhead who thinks:
'My love loves me.'
Is ever in her power;
A tame bird, he."

After all this lamentation, he withdrew his favor forthwith from Strong-Tooth. Not to make a long story of it, he forbade his entrance at court.

When Strong-Tooth saw that the monarch's favor was suddenly withdrawn, he thought "Ah me! There is wisdom in the stanza

Whom does not fortune render proud?
Whom does not death lay low?
To what roue do passions not
Bring never ceasing woe?

the king home with his ladies and showed him reverence.

Now the king had a house-cleaning drudge named Bull, who took a seat that did not belong to him—this in the very palace, and in the presence of the king's professor. So Strong-Tooth administered a cuffing and drove him out. From that moment the humiliation so rankled in Bull's inner soul that he had no rest even at night. Yet he thought: "After all, why should I grow thin? It does me no good. For I cannot possibly hurt him. And there is sense in the saying:

> Indulge no angry, shameless wish
> To hurt, unless you can:
> The chick-pea, hopping up and down,
> Will crack no frying-pan."

Now one morning, as he was sweeping near the bed where the king lay half awake, he said: "What impudence! Strong-Tooth kisses the queen." When the king heard this, he jumped up in a hurry, crying: "Come, come, Bull! Is that thing true that you were muttering? Has the queen been kissed by Strong-Tooth?"

"O King," answered Bull, "I was awake all night because I am passionately fond of gambling. So sleep overpowered me even when I was busy with my sweeping. I do not know what I said."

But the jealous king thought: "Yes, he has free entrance to my palace. So has Strong-Tooth. Perhaps he actually saw the fellow hugging the queen. For the proverb says:

> Whate'er a man desires, sees, does
> In broad daylight,
> Still mindful, he will say or do
> Asleep at night.

And again:

> Whatever secrets, good or ill,
> Men in their bosoms keep,

Are soon betrayed when they are drunk
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king. It was because I saw you, in chaplain's presence, sitting where you did not belong, that I humiliated you."

Now Bull received the two garments as if they were the kingdom of Heaven, and feeling intense satisfaction, he said: "Friend merchant, I forgive you. You will soon see the reward of the honor shown me in the king's favor and such things." With this he departed in high glee. For there is wisdom in the saying:

> A little thing will lift him high,
> A little make him fall:
> Twixt balance-beam and scamp there is
> No difference at all.

On the next day Bull entered the palace, and did his sweeping. And while the king lay half awake, he said: "What intelligence! When our king sits at stool, he eats a cucumber."

Now the king, hearing this, rose in amazement and said: "Come, come, Bull! What twaddle is this? But I remember that you are a house-servant and do not kill you. Did you ever see me engaged in that occupation?"

"O King," said Bull, "I was awake all night because I am passionately fond of gambling. So drowsiness overcame me in the very act of doing my sweeping. I do not know what I was muttering. Pardon me, master, I was really asleep."

Then the king thought: "Why, from the day of my birth I never ate a cucumber while engaged in that occupation. And since this blockhead has talked unimaginable nonsense about me, it must be the same with Strong-Tooth. This being so, I made a mistake in taking the poor man's honors from him. Nothing of the sort is conceivable with such men. And in his absence all the king's business and city business is at loose ends."

After thus considering the matter from every point of view, he summoned Strong-Tooth, presented him with

gems from his own person and with garments, and reinstated him.

"And that is why I say:

> Whoever is too haughty to
> Pay king's retainers honor due, ...

and the rest of it." "My dear fellow," said Lively, "your argument is quite convincing. Let it be as you say."

After this Victor took him to Rusty and said: "O King, here is Lively. I have brought him hither. The future rests with the king." Then Lively bowed respectfully and stood before the king in a modest attitude. Thereupon Rusty extended over him a right paw plump, firm, massive, adorned with claws as formidable as thunderbolts, and said with deference: "Do you enjoy health? Why do you dwell in this wild wood?"

Thus questioned, Lively related accurately his separation from merchant Increase and the others. And Rusty, after listening to the story, said: "Have no fear, comrade. Protected by my paws, lead your own life in this forest. Furthermore, you must always take your amusements in my vicinity. For this forest has many drawbacks, since it swarms with numerous savage creatures." And Lively made answer: "Very well, O King."

Then the king of beasts went down to the bank of the Jumna, drank and bathed his fill, and plunged again into the forest, wherever inclination led him.

Thus the time passed, the mutual affection of the two increasing daily. Now Lively had assimilated solid intelligence by mastering numerous authoritative works, so that in a very few days he planted discernment in Rusty, dull as was his mind. He weaned him from forest habits and taught him village manners. Why spin it out? Lively and Rusty did nothing but hold secret confabulations every day

This being so, all the other animals of the retinue were kept at a distance. As for the two jackals, they did not even have the entrée. More than that, as soon as they lacked the lion's prowess, the whole company of animals, not excluding the two jackals, suffered grievously from hunger and huddled together. As the proverb puts it:

> A king, though proud and pure of birth,
> Will see his servants flee
> A court where no rewards are won,
> As birds a withered tree.

And again:

> They may be honored gentlemen,
> They may devoted be,
> Yet servants leave a monarch who
> Forgets the salary.

While, on the other hand,

> A king may scold
> Yet servants hold,
> If he but pay
> Upon the day.

Indeed, all the creatures in this world, adopting cajolery or one of the other three devices, live by eating one another. For example,

> Some eat the countries, these are kings;
> The doctors, those whom sickness stings;
> The merchants, those who buy their things,
> And learned men, the fools.
>
> The married are the clergy's meat,
> The thieves devour the indiscreet;
> The flirts their eager lovers eat;
> And Labor eats us all
>
> They keep deceitful snares in play;
> They lie in wait by night and day;

gems from his own person and with garments, and reinstated him.

"And that is why I say:

> Whoever is too haughty to
> Pay king's retainers honor due, ...

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And Labor eats us all.

They keep deceitful snares in play;
They lie in wait by night and day,

And when occasion offers, prey
Like fish on lesser fish.

Now Cheek and Victor, robbed of their master's favor, took counsel together—for their throats were pinched with hunger. And Victor said: "Cheek, my noble friend, we two seem to have lost our job. For Rusty takes such delight in Lively's conversation that he neglects his business. And the whole court is scattered every which way. What is to be done?"

And Cheek replied: "Even if the master does not take your advice, still you should admonish him to correct his faults. For the proverb says:

Good counselors should warn a king
Although he pay no heed
(As Vidur warned the monarch blind)
To cease from evil deed.

And again:

Good counselors or drivers may not duck
From kings or elephants that run amuck.

Besides, in introducing this grass nibbler to the master you were handling live coals." And Victor answered: "You are right. The fault is mine, not the master's. As the saying goes:

The jackal at the ram fight;
And we, when tricked by June,
The meddling friend—were playing
A self-defeating tune."

"How was that?" asked Cheek. And Victor told three stories in one, called

GODLY AND JUNE

In a certain district there was a monastery in a secluded spot. In it lived a holy man named Godly, who in course

of time acquired a great sum of money by selling finely woven garments, the numerous offerings of the faithful for whom he performed sacrifices. As a result, he trusted no man, and kept his treasure under his arm by night and day. For there is wisdom in the proverb:

Money causes pain in getting;
In the keeping, pain and fretting;
Pain in loss and pain in spending:
Damn the trouble never ending!

Now a rogue named June, who took other people's money from them, observed the treasure under his arm, and reflected: "How am I to take this treasure from him? In the first place, I cannot pierce the wall of the cell, which is compactly built of solid stone. And I cannot enter the door, which is too high. I will talk to him, win his confidence, and become his disciple, for he will be in my power when I have his confidence. As the proverb says:

None lacking shrewdness flatter well;
None but a lover plays the swell;
No saints are found in judgment seats;
No clear, straightforward speaker cheats."

Having thus made up his mind, he drew near to Godly, uttered the words: "Glory to Shiva. Amen," fell flat on his face, and spoke with deference: "O holy sir! All life is vanity. Youth slips by like a mountain torrent. The days of our life are like a fire in chaff. Delights of the flesh are as the shadow of a cloud. Union with son, friend, servant, wife, is but a dream. All this I discern clearly. What shall I do that I may safely cross the sea of many lives?"

On hearing this, Godly said respectfully: "My son, blest are you, being thus indifferent to the world in early youth. What says the proverb?

"To early saints in youth
That can be saints in truth:

This spectacle attracted a jackal whose soul was in the fetters of carnivorous desire, and he stood between the two, lapping up the blood.

When Godly observed this, he thought: "Well, well! This is a dull-witted jackal. If he happens to be between just when they crash, he will certainly meet death. This inference seems inescapable to me."

Now the next time, being greedy as ever to lap up the blood, the jackal did not move away, was caught between the crashing heads, and was killed. Then Godly said: "The jackal at the ram-fight," and grieving for him, started to resume his treasure.

He returned in no haste, but when he failed to find June, he hurried through a ceremony of purification, then examined his robe. Finding the treasure gone, he fell to the ground in a swoon, murmuring: "Oh, oh! I am robbed." In a moment he came to himself, rose again, and started to scream: "June, June! Where did you go after cheating me? Give me answer!" With this repeated lamentation he moved slowly on, picking up his disciple's tracks and muttering: "And we, when tricked by June."

THE WEAVER'S WIFE

Now as he walked along, Godly spied a weaver who with his wife was on his way to a neighboring city for liquor to drink, and he called out: "Look here, my good fellow! I come to you a guest, brought by the evening sun. *I do not know a soul in the village. Let me receive the* treatment due a guest. For the proverb says

> No stranger may be turned aside
> Who seeks your door at eventide;
> Nay, honor him and you shall be
> Transmuted into deity

And again:

Some straw, a floor, and water,
With kindly words beside:
These four are never wanting
Where pious folk abide.

And once again:

The sacred fires by kindly word
And Indra by the chair is stirred,
Krishna by water for the feet,
The Lord of All by things to eat."

On hearing this, the weaver said to his wife: "Go, my dear. Take this guest to the house. Treat him hospitably, giving him water for the feet, food, a bed, and so on. And stay in the house yourself. I will bring plenty of wine and meat for you." With this he went farther.

So the wife started home with Godly, and she showed a laughing countenance, for she was a whore and had a certain swain in mind. Indeed, there is sense in the verse:

When night is dark
And dark the day,
When streets are mired
With sticky clay,
When husband lingers
Far away,
The flirt becomes
Supremely gay.

The wench cares not
A straw to miss
The covered couch,
The husband's kiss
The pleasant bed,
In place of this
She ever seeks
A stolen bliss.

And again:

For stranger men
  The slut will see
The ruin of
  Her family,
The world's reproach,
  The jailer's key—
Will risk a death
  She cannot flee.

Then she went home, offered Godly a rickety cot and said: "My holy sir, a woman friend has come from the village and I must speak to her. I will be back directly. Meanwhile, you may stay in our house. But please be careful." With this she put on her best things and started to find her swain.

At this moment she ran into her husband, clasping a jug of wine. He was reeling drunk, his hair was towsled, and he stumbled at every step. She ran when she saw him, entered the house, took off her finery, and appeared as usual.

Now the weaver had seen her flee, had observed the finery, and since he had previously heard the gossip that went the rounds about her, his heart was troubled and anger overcame him. So he entered the house and said: "You wench! You whore! Where were you going?"

And she replied: "I have not been out since I left you What is this drunken twaddle? There is sense in the proverb:

After wine and fever, these
  Selfsame symptoms come:
Shaking, falling to the ground,
  Mad delirium.

And again:

The setting sun and drunken man
  Are both a fiery red.

They sink in naked helplessness;
Their dignity is dead."

When he had taken the scolding and had noticed h
change of dress, he said: "Whore! I have heard goss
about you for a long time. Today I have seen the proo
I am going to give you what you deserve." So he beat h
limp with a club, tied her firmly to a post, and fell into
drunken slumber.

At this juncture her friend, the barber's wife, learning that the weaver was asleep came in and said: "My dear he is waiting for you over there—you know who. Go at once. But the weaver's wife replied: "Just see what a fix I am in. How can I go? You must return and tell my adorer that I cannot possibly meet him there at this moment."

"My dear," said the barber's wife, "do not say things like that. For a wench of spirit this is no way to behave. As the saying goes:

Those who earn the name of blessed
Show a camel like persistence
When they pluck the fruit of pleasure,
Counting neither toil nor distance.

And again

As the other world is doubtful
And as scandal mimes truth,
When you've hooked another's lover,
Best enjoy the fruit of youth.

And once again

Fate may rob him of his manhood,
He may handsome be or ugly,
Yet a wench, whate'er it cost her,
Entertains her lover snugly."

"Very fine indeed," said the weaver's wife. "But tell me

how I am to go when I am tied fast. And here lies my husband—the brute!" "My dear," said the barber's wife, "he is helpless with drink and will not wake until the sun's rays reach him. I will set you free and take your place myself. But you must hurry back when you have entertained your admirer."

This she did, and a moment later the weaver rose a little mollified, and said drunkenly: "Come, you nagger! If you will stay at home after today and stop nagging, I will set you free." The barber's wife said nothing, fearing that her voice would betray her. Even when he repeated his offer, she made no answer. Then he became angry and cut off her nose with a sharp knife. And he said: "Whore! *Now you can stay there. I shall not be nice to you again.*" So he fell asleep, muttering. Now Godly, having lost his money, was so tormented by hunger that he could not sleep, and was a witness of all that the women did.

Presently the weaver's wife, after enjoying the full delight of love with her swain, came home and said to the barber's wife: "Well, are you all right? I hope that brute did not get up while I was gone." And the barber's wife answered: "The rest of me is all right. But I've lost my nose. Set me free quick, before he wakes up. I want to go home. If not, he will do something worse next time, cut off ears and things."

So the wench freed the barber's wife, took her former position, and cried reproachfully: "Oh, you dreadful simpleton! I am a true wife, a model of faithfulness. What man is able to violate or disfigure me? Listen, ye guardian deities of the world!

> Earth, heaven, and death, the feeling mind,
> Sun, moon, and water, fire and wind,
> Both twilights, justice, day and night
> Discern man's conduct, wrong or right.

So, if I am a faithful wife, may these gods make my nose

grow again as it was before. More than that, if I have had so much as a secret desire for a strange man, may they reduce me to ashes."

After this explosion, she said to him directly: "Look, you villain! By virtue of my faithfulness my nose has grown as it was before." And when he took a torch and examined her, he found her nose as it was originally, and a great pool of blood on the floor. At this he was amazed, released her from the cords, and flattered her with a hundred wheedling endearments.

Now Godly had seen the whole business. And he was amazed and said,

"Learn science with the gods above
  Or imps in nether space,
Yet women's wit will rival it:
  How keep them in their place?

Behold the faults with woman born:
Impurity, and heartless scorn,
Untruth, and folly, reckless heat,
Excessive greediness, deceit.

Be not enslaved by women's charm,
Nor wish them growth in power to harm:
Their slaves, of manly feeling stripped,
Are tame, pet crows whose wings are clipped.

Honey in a woman's words,
  Poison in her breast:
So, although you taste her lip,
  Drub her on the chest.

This palace filled with vice, this field where sprouts
Suspicion's crop, this whirling pool of doubts,
This town of recklessness, sin's aggregate,
This home where frauds by hundreds lie in wait,

how I am to go when I am tied fast. And here lies my husband—the brute!" "My dear," said the barber's wife, "he is helpless with drink and will not wake until the sun's rays reach him. I will set you free and take your place myself. But you must hurry back when you have entertained your admirer."

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business with the townspeople, he stopped at the door and called to her: "My dear, bring me my razor-case at once. The townspeople need my services."

Hereupon an idea occurred to the noseless woman. She remained in the house, but sent him a single razor. And the barber, angry because the entire case had not been delivered, flung the razor in her direction. This gave the wench her opportunity. Lifting her hands to heaven, she dashed from the house, screaming with all her might: "Oh, oh, oh! The ruffian! I was always a faithful wife. Look! He cut off my nose. Save me, save me!"

Hereupon the police arrived, thrashed the barber limp, tied him fast, and took him to court with his wife whose nose was gone. And the judges asked him: "Why did you do this ghastly thing to your wife?" Then, his wits being so addled by astonishment that he could give no answer, the jurymen quoted law:

> "The guilty man is terrified
> By reason of his crime. His pride
> Is gone, his powers of speaking fail
> His glances rove, his face is pale.

And again

> The sweat appears upon his brow,
> He stumbles on, he knows not how,
> His face is pale, and all he utters
> Is much distorted, for he stutters.
>
> The culprit always may be found
> To shake, and gaze upon the ground:
> Observe the signs as best you can
> And shrewdly pick the guilty man.

While, on the other hand,

> The innocent is self reliant;
> His speech is clear, his glance defiant;

This basketful of riddling sham and quip
O'er guessing which our best and bravest trip,
This woman, this machine, this nectar-bane—
Who set it here, to make religion vain?

A bosom hard is praised, a forehead low,
A fickle glance, a mumbling speech and slow,
Thick hips, a heart that constant tremors move,
A natural twist in hair, and twists in love.
Their virtues are a pack of vices. Then
Let beasts adore the fawn-eyed things, not men.

For reasons good they laugh or weep;
They trust you not, your trust they keep:
These graveyard urns, oh, haunt them not!
Keep kin and conduct free from spot.

The lion o'er whose awful face
Falls fierce the tousled mane,
The elephant upon whose cheeks
Streams ichor's glistening rain,
The men of wit or courage who
In books or battles gleam,
In presence of their females, all
Turn into cowards supreme.

And once more:

This gunja fruit (oh, what was God about?)
Is poisonous within, and sweet without."

In these meditations the night dragged drearily for the holy man. Meanwhile the go-between went home with her nose cut off, and reflected: "What is to be done now? How is this great deficiency to be concealed?"

The night during which she pondered thus, her husband spent in the king's palace, practicing his trade. At dawn he came home and, being eager to begin [illegible]

how to separate Lively from the king. Besides, he has fallen into serious vice, has our master Rusty. For

> Mad folly stings
> The greatest kings,
>   Who then embrace a vice:
> But servants' care
> Should check them there
>   By means of learning nice."

"Into what vice has our master Rusty fallen?" asked Cheek. And Victor replied: "There are seven vices in the world, namely:

> Drink, women, hunting, scolding, dice,
> Greed, cruelty: these seven are vice.

These, however, really make a single vice, called 'attachment,' with seven subdivisions." Then Cheek inquired: "Is there only a single fundamental vice, or are there others also?"

And Victor expounded: "There are in the world five situations fundamentally vicious." And when Cheek asked: "How are they differentiated?" Victor continued: "They are called: (1) deficiency, (2) corruption, (3) attachment, (4) devastation, (5) mistaken policy.

"To begin at the beginning, the vice called 'deficiency' means the non-existence of one or another of these: king, counselor, people, fortress, treasure, punitive power, friends.

"Secondly, when subjects, whether foreign or native, become restless, whether individually or en masse, there arises the vicious situation called 'corruption.'

"'Attachment' was explained above, in the words:

> Drink, women, hunting, ...

and the rest of it. Here there is a love-group (drink, women, hunting, dice) and a wrath-group (scolding, and

His countenance is calm and free:
His indignation makes his plea.

The prisoner is obviously guilty. The legal penalty for assaulting a woman is death. Let him be impaled."

But Godly, seeing him led to the place of execution, went to the officers of justice and said: "Gentlemen, you make a mistake in putting this wretched barber to death. His conduct has been correct. Pray listen to these words of mine:

The jackal at the ram fight;
And we, when tricked by June;
The meddling friend—were playing
A self-defeating tune."

So the officers said: "How was that, holy sir?" Then Godly related to them the three stories, complete in every detail. And they were all astonished as they listened. They set the barber free, and said:

"Slay not a woman, Brahman, child,
An invalid or hermit mild:
In case of major dereliction,
Disfigurement is the infliction.

Now she has lost her nose through her own act. As additional punishment from the king, let her ears be cut off." When this had been done, Godly, strengthening his spirit by the two examples, returned to his own monastery.

"And that is why I say,

The jackal at the ram fight, ...

and the rest of it."

"Well," said Cheek, "such being the case, what are you and I to do?" And Victor answered: "Even in these circumstances, I shall have a flash of intelligence, showing me

HOW THE CROW-HEN KILLED THE BLACK SNAKE

In a certain region grew a great banyan tree. In it lived a crow and his wife, occupying the nest which they had built. But a black snake crawled through the hollow trunk and ate their chicks as fast as they were born, even before baptism. Yet for all his sorrow over this violence, the poor crow could not desert the old familiar banyan and seek another tree. For

> Three cannot be induced to go—
> The deer, the cowardly man, the crow:
> Three go when insult makes them pant—
> The lion, hero, elephant.

At last the crow-hen fell at her husband's feet and said: "My dear lord, a great many children of mine have been eaten by that awful snake. And grief for my loved and lost haunts me until I think of moving. Let us make our home in some other tree. For

> No friend like health abounding;
> And like disease, no foe;
> No love like love of children;
> Like hunger pangs, no woe.

And again:

> With fields o'erhanging rivers,
> With wife on flirting bent,
> Or in a house with serpents,
> No man can be content.

We are living in deadly peril."

At this the crow was dreadfully depressed, and he said: "We have lived in this tree a long time, my dear. We cannot desert it. For

the rest). A man thwarted in the love-group becomes obnoxious to the wrath-group. The love-group requires no elucidation. The wrath-group, however, threefold as already described, needs some further characterization. 'Scolding' is ill-considered imputation of fault on the part of one bent on injuring an antagonist. 'Cruelty' means ruthless and unwarranted refinements in putting to death, imprisonment, mutilation. 'Greed' is covetousness pushed to a merciless point. These are the seven subdivisions of the vice of attachment.

"Next, there are eight kinds of devastation: by act of God, fire, water, disease, plague, panic, famine, devil-rain (which is a mere name for excessive rain). This disposes of the vice called 'devastation.'

"Finally, there is mistaken policy. Where a man makes a mistaken use of the six expedients—peace, war, change of base, entrenchment, alliance, duplicity—adopting war instead of peace, or peace instead of war, or making similar mistakes in regard to the other expedients, there we have the vice of mistaken policy.

"Now our master Rusty has fallen into the very first vice, that of deficiency. For he has been so captivated by Lively that he pays not the smallest heed to counselor or any other of the six supports of his throne. He adopts rather completely a vegetarian morality. So what is the use of a lengthy discussion? Rusty must by all means be detached from Lively. No lamp, no light."

"How will you detach him?" objected Cheek. "You have not the power." "My dear fellow," said Victor, "there is a verse to fit the situation, namely:

> In cases where brute force would fail,
> A shrewd device may still prevail:
> The crow-hen used a golden chain,
> And so the dreadful snake was slain."

"How was that?" asked Cheek. And Victor told

THE HERON THAT LIKED CRAB-MEAT

There was once a heron in a certain place on the edge of a pond. Being old, he sought an easy way of catching fish on which to live. He began by lingering at the edge of his pond, pretending to be quite irresolute, not eating even the fish within his reach.

Now among the fish lived a crab. He drew near and said: "Uncle, why do you neglect today your usual meals and amusements?" And the heron replied: "So long as I kept fat and flourishing by eating fish, I spent my time pleasantly, enjoying the taste of you. But a great disaster will soon befall you. And as I am old, this will cut short the pleasant course of my life. For this reason I feel depressed."

"Uncle," said the crab, "of what nature is the disaster?" And the heron continued: "Today I overheard the talk of a number of fishermen as they passed near the pond. 'This is a big pond,' they were saying, 'full of fish. We will try a cast of the net tomorrow or the day after. But today we will go to the lake near the city.' This being so, you are lost, my food supply is cut off, I too am lost, and in grief at the thought, I am indifferent to food today."

Now when the water-dwellers heard the trickster's report, they all feared for their lives and implored the heron, saying: "Uncle! Father! Brother! Friend! Thinker! Since you are informed of the calamity, you also know the remedy. Pray save us from the jaws of this death."

Then the heron said: "I am a bird, not competent to contend with men. This, however, I can do. I can transfer you from this pond to another, a bottomless one." By this artful speech they were so led astray that they said: "Uncle! Friend! Unselfish kinsman! Take me first! Me first! Did you never hear this?

Where water may be sipped, and grass
Be cropped, a deer might live content;
Yet insult will not drive him from
The wood where all his life was spent.

Moreover, by some shrewd device I will bring death upon this villainous and mighty foe."

"But," said his wife, "this is a terribly venomous snake. How will you hurt him?" And he replied: "My dear, even if I have not the power to hurt him, still I have friends who possess learning, who have mastered the works on ethics. I will go and get from them some shrewd device of such nature that the villain—curse him!—will soon meet his doom."

After this indignant speech he went at once to another tree, under which lived a dear friend, a jackal. He courteously called the jackal forth, related all his sorrow, then said: "My friend, what do you consider opportune under the circumstances? The killing of our children is sheer death to my wife and me."

"My friend," said the jackal, "I have thought the matter through. You need not put yourself out. That villainous black snake is near his doom by reason of his heartless cruelty. For

Of means to injure brutal foes
You do not need to think,
Since of themselves they fall, like trees
Upon the river's brink.

And there is a story:

A heron ate what fish he could,
The bad, indifferent, and good;
His greed was never satisfied
Till, strangled by a crab, he died."

"How was that?" asked the crow. And the jackal told the story of

Shun your false and foolish friends,
Fickle, seeking vicious ends.

Why, he has already eaten these fish whose skeletons are scattered in heaps. So what might be an opportune course of action for me? Yet why do I need to consider?

Man is bidden to chastise
Even elders who devise
Devious courses, arrogant,
Of their duty ignorant.

Again:

Fear fearful things, while yet
No fearful thing appears;
When danger must be met,
Strike, and forget your fears.

So, before he drops me there, I will catch his neck with all four claws."

When he did so, the heron tried to escape, but being a fool, he found no parry to the grip of the crab's nippers, and had his head cut off.

Then the crab painfully made his way back to the pond, dragging the heron's neck as if it had been a lotus-stalk. And when he came among the fish, they said: "Brother, why come back?" Thereupon he showed the head as his credentials and said. "He enticed the water-dwellers from every quarter, deceived them with his prevarications, dropped them on a slab of rock not far away, and ate them. But I—further life being predestined—perceived that he destroyed the trustful, and I have brought back his neck. Forget your worries. All the water-dwellers shall live in peace."

"And that is why I say:

A heron ate what fish he could, ...

and the rest of it."

Stout hearts delight to pay the price
Of merciful self-sacrifice,
Count life as nothing, if it end
In gentle service to a friend."

Then the old rascal laughed in his heart, and took counsel with his mind, thus: "My shrewdness has brought these fishes into my power. They ought to be eaten very comfortably." Having thus thought it through, he promised what the thronging fish implored, lifted some in his bill, carried them a certain distance to a slab of stone, and ate them there. Day after day he made the trip with supreme delight and satisfaction, and meeting the fish, kept their confidence by ever new inventions.

One day the crab, disturbed by the fear of death, importuned him with the words: "Uncle, pray save me, too, from the jaws of death." And the heron reflected: "I am quite tired of this unvarying fish diet. I should like to taste him. He is different, and choice." So he picked up the crab and flew through the air.

But since he avoided all bodies of water and seemed planning to alight on the sun-scorched rock, the crab asked him: "Uncle, where is that pond without any bottom?" And the heron laughed and said: "Do you see that broad, sun-scorched rock? All the water-dwellers have found repose there. Your turn has now come to find repose."

Then the crab looked down and saw a great rock of sacrifice, made horrible by heaps of fish skeletons. And he thought: "Ah me!

Friends are foes and foes are friends
As they mar or serve your ends.
Few discern where profit tends.

Again:

If you will, with serpents play;
Dwell with foemen who betray;

Shun your false and foolish friends,
Fickle, seeking vicious ends.

Why, he has already eaten these fish whose skeletons are scattered in heaps. So what might be an opportune course of action for me? Yet why do I need to consider?

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Dwell with foemen who betray

The rabbit played upon his pride
To fool him; and the lion died."

"How was that?" asked Cheek. And Victor told the story of

NUMSKULL AND THE RABBIT

In a part of a forest was a lion drunk with pride, and his name was Numskull. He slaughtered the animals without ceasing. If he saw an animal, he could not spare him.

So all the natives of the forest—deer, boars, buffaloes, wild oxen, rabbits, and others—came together, and with woe-begone countenances, bowed heads, and knees clinging to the ground, they undertook to beseech obsequiously the king of beasts: "Have done, O King, with this merciless, meaningless slaughter of all creatures. It is hostile to happiness in the other world. For the Scripture says:

A thousand future lives
Will pass in wretchedness
For sins a fool commits
His present life to bless.

Again,

What wisdom in a deed
That brings dishonor fell,
That causes loss of trust,
That paves the way to hell?

And yet again:

The ungrateful body, frail
And rank with filth within,
Is such that only fools
For its sake sink in sin.

"Consider these facts, and cease, we pray, to slaughter our generations. For if the master will remain at home, we will of our own motion send him each day for his daily

"My friend," said the crow, "tell me how this villainous snake is to meet his doom." And the jackal answered: "Go to some spot frequented by a great monarch. There seize a golden chain or a necklace from some wealthy man who guards it carelessly. Deposit this in such a place that when it is recovered, the snake may be killed."

So the crow and his wife straightaway flew off at random, and the wife came upon a certain pond. As she looked about, she saw the women of the king's court playing in the water, and on the bank they had laid golden chains, pearl necklaces, garments, and gems. One chain of gold the crow hen seized and started for the tree where she lived.

But when the chamberlains and the eunuchs saw the theft, they picked up clubs and ran in pursuit. Meanwhile, the crow hen dropped the golden chain in the snake's hole and waited at a safe distance.

Now when the king's men climbed the tree, they found a hole and in it a black snake with swelling hood. So they killed him with their clubs, recovered the golden chain, and went their way. Thereafter the crow and his wife lived in peace.

"And that is why I say:

In cases where brute force would fail, ...

and the rest of it. Furthermore,

Some men permit a petty foe
Through purblind heedlessness to grow,
Till he who played a petty rôle
Grows, like disease, beyond control.

Indeed, there is nothing in the world that the intelligent cannot control. As the saying goes:

Intelligence is power. But where
Could power and folly make a pair?

The kings who serve the common weal,
Luxuriantly sprout;
The common loss is kingly loss,
Without a shade of doubt."

After listening to this address, Numskull said: "Well, gentlemen, you are quite convincing. But if an animal does not come to me every day as I sit here, I promise you I will eat you all." To this they assented with much relief, and fearlessly roamed the wood. Each day at noon one of them appeared as his dinner, each species taking its turn and providing an individual grown old, or religious, or grief-smitten, or fearful of the loss of son or wife.

One day a rabbit's turn came, it being rabbit-day. And when all the thronging animals had given him directions, he reflected: "How is it possible to kill this lion—curse him! Yet after all,

> In what can wisdom not prevail?
> In what can resolution fail?
> What cannot flattery subdue?
> What cannot enterprise put through?

I can kill even a lion."

So he went very slowly, planning to arrive tardily, and meditating with troubled spirit on a means of killing him. Late in the day he came into the presence of the lion, whose throat was pinched by hunger in consequence of the delay, and who angrily thought as he licked his chops: "Aha! I must kill all the animals the first thing in the morning."

While he was thinking, the rabbit slowly drew near, bowed low, and stood before him. But when the lion saw that he was tardy and too small at that for a meal, his soul flamed with wrath, and he taunted the rabbit, saying: "You reprobate! First, you are too small for a

food one animal of the forest. In this way neither the royal sustenance nor our families will be cut short. In this way let the king's duty be performed. For the proverb says:

> The king who tastes his kingdom like
>   Elixir, bit by bit,
> Who does not overtax its life,
>   Will fully relish it.
>
> The king who madly butchers men,
>   Their lives as little reckoned
> As lives of goats, has one square meal,
>   But never has a second.
>
> A king desiring profit, guards
>   His world from evil chance,
> With gifts and honors waters it
>   As florists water plants.
>
> Guard subjects like a cow, nor ask
>   For milk each passing hour
> A vine must first be sprinkled, then
>   It ripens fruit and flower
>
> The monarch lamp from subjects draws
>   Tax-oil to keep it bright
> Has any ever noticed kings
>   That shone by inner light?
>
> A seedling is a tender thing,
>   And yet, if not neglected,
> It comes in time to bearing fruit
>   So subjects well protected
>
> Their subjects form the only source
>   From which accrue to kings
> Their gold, grain, gems, and varied drinks
>   And many other things

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meal. Second, you are tardy. Because of this wickedness I am going to kill you, and tomorrow morning I shall extirpate every species of animal."

Then the rabbit bowed low and said with deference: "Master, the wickedness is not mine, nor the other animals'. Pray hear the cause of it." And the lion answered: "Well, tell it quick, before you are between my fangs."

"Master," said the rabbit, "all the animals recognized today that the rabbits' turn had come, and because I was quite small, they dispatched me with five other rabbits. But in mid journey there issued from a great hole in the ground a lion who said: 'Where are you bound? Pray to your favorite god.' Then I said: 'We are traveling as the dinner of lion Numskull, our master, according to agreement.' 'Is that so?' said he. 'This forest belongs to me. So all the animals, without exception, must deal with me according to agreement. This Numskull is a sneak thief. Call him out and bring him here at once. Then whichever of us proves stronger, shall be king and shall eat all these animals.' At his command, master, I have come to you. This is the cause of my tardiness. For the rest, my master is the sole judge."

After listening to this, Numskull said: "Well, well, my good fellow, show me that sneak thief of a lion, and be quick about it. I cannot find peace of mind until I have vented on him my anger against the animals. He should have remembered the saying

"Quite so, master," said the rabbit. "Warriors fight for their country when they are insulted. But this fellow skulks in a fortress. You know he came out of a fortress when he held us up. And an enemy in a fortress is hard to handle. As the saying goes:

A single royal fortress adds
More military force
Than do a thousand elephants,
A hundred thousand horse.

A single archer from a wall
A hundred foes forfends;
And so the military art
A fortress recommends.

God Indra used the wit and skill
Of gods in days of old,
When Devil Gold-mat plagued the world,
To build a fortress-hold.

And he decreed that any king
Who built a fortress sound,
Should conquer foemen. This is why
Such fortresses abound."

When he heard this, Numskull said: "My good fellow, show me that thief. Even if he is hiding in a fortress, I will kill him. For the proverb says:

The strongest man who fails to crush
At birth, disease or foe,
Will later be destroyed by that
Which he permits to grow.

And again:

The man who reckons well his power,
Nor pride nor vigor lacks,

> May single-handed smite his foes
> Like Rama-with-the-axe."

"Very true," said the rabbit. "But after all it was a mighty lion that I saw. So the master should not set out without realizing the enemy's capacity. As the saying runs

> A warrior failing to compare
> Two hosts, in mad desire
> For battle, plunges like a moth
> Headforemost into fire.

And again

> The weak who challenge mighty foes
> A battle to abide,
> Like elephants with broken tusks,
> Return with drooping pride."

But Numskull said, "What business is it of yours? Show him to me, even in his fortress." "Very well," said the rabbit. "Follow me, master." And he led the way to a well, where he said to the lion: "Master, who can endure your majesty? The moment he saw you, that thief crawled clear into his hole. Come, I will show him to you." "Be quick about it, my good fellow," said Numskull.

So the rabbit showed him the well. And the lion, being a dreadful fool, saw his own reflection in the water, and gave voice to a great roar. Then from the well issued a roar twice as loud, because of the echo. This the lion heard, decided that his rival was very powerful, hurled himself down, and met his death. Thereupon the rabbit cheerfully carried the glad news to all the animals, received their compliments, and lived there contentedly in the forest.

"And that is why I say

> *Intelligence is power*

and the rest of it."

"But," said Cheek, "that is like a palm-fruit falling on a crow's head—a quite exceptional case. Even if the rabbit was successful, still a man of feeble powers should not deal fraudulently with the great." And Victor retorted: "Feeble or strong, one must make up his mind to vigorous action. You know the proverb:

> Unceasing effort brings success;
> 'Fate, fate is all,' let dastards wail:
> Smite fate and prove yourself a man;
> What fault if bold endeavor fail?

Furthermore, the very gods befriend those who ever stri[ve]. As the story goes:

> The gods befriend a man who climbs
> Determination's height:
> So Vishnu, discus, bird sustained
> The weaver in the fight.

And further:

> Not even Brahma sees the end
> Of well-devised deceit:
> The weaver, taking Vishnu's form,
> Embraced the princess sweet."

"How was that?" asked Cheek. "Are undertakings successful even through deceit, resolutely and well devised?" And Victor told the story of

THE WEAVER WHO LOVED A PRINCESS

In the Molasses Belt is a city called Sugarcane City. In it lived two friends, a weaver and a carpenter. Since they were past-masters in their respective crafts, they had earned enough money by their labors so that they kept no account of receipt and expenditure. They wore soft, gaily colored, expensive garments, adorned themselves with flowers and betel leaves, and diffused odors of cam-

phor, aloes, and musk. They worked nine hours a day, after which they adorned their persons and met for recreation in such places as public squares or temples. They made the rounds of the spots where society gathered—theaters, *conversationes*, birthday parties, banquets, and the like—then went home at twilight. And so the time passed.

One day there was a great festival, an occasion when the entire population, wearing the finest ornaments that each could afford, began sauntering through the temples of the gods and other public places. The weaver and the carpenter, like the rest, put on their best things, and in squares and courtyards inspected the faces of people dressed to kill. And they caught a glimpse of a princess seated at the window of a stucco palace. The vicinity of her heart was made lovely by a firm bosom with the curve of early youth. Below the slender waist was the graceful swell of the hips. Her hair was black as a raincloud, soft, glossy, with a billowy curl. A golden earring danced below an ear that seemed a hammock where Love might swing. Her face had the charm of a new blown, tender water lily. Like a dream she took captive the eyes of all, as she sat surrounded by girl friends.

And the weaver, ravished by lavish loveliness, since the love god with five fierce arrows pierced his heart, concealed his feelings by a supreme effort of resolution, and tottered home, seeing nothing but the princess in the whole horizon. With long-drawn, burning sighs he tumbled on the bed (though it had not been made up) and there he lay. He perceived, he thought of nothing but her, just as he had seen her, and there he lay, emitting poetry:

Virtues with beauty dwell
  So poets sing.
This contradiction not
  Considering

That she, so cruel sweet,
Far, far apart,
Tortures my body still,
Still in my heart.

Or does this explain it?

One heart my darling took;
One pines as if to die;
One throbs with feeling pure:
How many hearts have I?

And yet

If all the world from virtue draws
A blessing and a gain,
Why should all virtue in my maid,
My fawn-eyed maiden, pain?

Each guards his home, they say;
Yet in my heart you stay,
Burning your home alway,
Sweet, heartless one!

That these—her bosom's youthful pride,
Her curling hair, her sinuous side,
Her blood-red lip, her waist so small—
Should hurt me, is not strange at all:
But that her cheeks so clear, so bright,
Should torture me, is far from right.

Her bosom, like an elephant's brow,
Swells, saffron-scented. How, ah, how
May I thereon my bosom lay,
When weary love is tired of play,
So, fettered in her arms, to keep
A vigil waking half, half sleep?

If fate has willed
That I should die,

phor, aloes, and musk. They worked nine hours a day, after which they adorned their persons and met for recreation in such places as public squares or temples. They made the rounds of the spots where society gathered—theaters, *conversazioni*, birthday parties, banquets, and the like—then went home at twilight. And so the time passed.

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in this condition, he said: "My friend, my friend, why are you in such a state today?" But the poor weaver, though questioned repeatedly, was too embarrassed to say a word. At last the carpenter grew weary and dropped into poetry:

> No friend is he whose anger
> Compels a timid languor,
> Nor he whom all must anxiously attend:
> But when you trust another
> As if he were your mother,
> He is no mere acquaintance, but a friend.

Then, after examining the weaver's heart and other members with a hand skilled in detecting symptoms, he said: "Comrade, if my diagnosis is correct, your condition is not the result of fever, but of love."

Now when his friend voluntarily introduced the subject, the weaver sat up in bed and recited a stanza of poetry:

> You find repose in sore disaster
> By telling things to clear-eyed master,
> To virtuous servant, gentle friend,
> Or wife who loves you to the end.

Then he related his whole experience from the moment he laid eyes on the princess. And the carpenter, after some reflection, said: "The king belongs to the warrior caste, while you are a business man. Have you no reverence for the holy law?"

But the weaver replied: "The holy law allows a warrior three wives. The girl may be the daughter of a woman of my caste. That may explain my love for her. What says the king in the play?

> Surely, she may become a warrior's bride;
> Else, why these longings in an honest mind?
> The motions of a blameless heart decide
> Of right and wrong, when reason leaves us blind."

from her bed, adored his feet, and humbly said: "O Lord, to what end am I honored by this visit? Pray command me. What am I to do?"

To the princess' words the weaver, in dignified and sweetly modulated accents, made stately answer: "Yourself, dear maiden, are the occasion of this visit to earth." "But I am merely a mortal girl," said she. And he continued. "Nay, you have been my bride, now fallen to earth by reason of a curse. It is I who have so long protected you from contact with a man. I will now wed you by the ceremony used in heaven." And she assented, for the thought: "It is a thing beyond my fondest aspirations." And he married her by the ceremony used in heaven.

So day followed day in the enjoyment of love's delights, each day witnessing a growth in passion. Before dawn the weaver would mount his mechanical Garuda, would bid her farewell with the words: "I depart for Vishnu's heaven," and would always reach his house undetected.

One day the guards at the women's quarters observed indications that the princess was meeting a man, and in fear of their very lives made a report to their master. "O King," they said, "be gracious and confirm our personal security. There is a disclosure to be made." And when the king assented, the guards reported. "O King, we have used anxious care to forbid the entrance of men. Yet indications are observed that Princess Lovely has meetings with a man. Not unto us does it fall to take measures. The king, the king alone is prime mover."

Upon this information the king pondered with troubled spirit.

> You are worried when you hear that she is born;
> Picking husbands makes you anxious and forlorn;
> When she marries, will her husband be a churl?
> It is tough to be the father of a girl.

On hearing this, the king was glad at heart, and somehow lived through the day, which seemed a hundred years. When night came, the king and queen stood hidden in the window niche and waited, their gaze fixed on the sky. Presently the King descried one descending from heaven, mounted on Garuda, grasping the conch-shell, discus, mace, marked with the familiar symbols. And feeling as if drenched by a shower of nectar, he said to the queen: "There is none other on earth so blest as you and I, whose child blessed Vishnu seeks with love. All the desires nearest our hearts are granted. Now, through the power of our son-in-law, I shall reduce the whole world to subjection."

At this juncture envoys arrived to collect the yearly tribute for King Valor, monarch of the south, lord of nine million, nine hundred thousand villages. But the king, proud of his new relationship with Vishnu, did not show them the customary honor, so that they grew indignant and said: "Come, King! Pay-day is past. Why have you failed to offer the taxes due? It must be that you have recently come into possession of some unanticipated, supernatural power from some source or other, that you irritate King Valor, who is a flame, a whirlwind, a venomous serpent, a death-god." Upon this the king showed them his bare bottom. And they returned to their own country, exaggerated the matter a hundred thousand fold, and stirred the wrath of their master.

Then the southern monarch, with his troops and retainers, at the head of an army with all four service branches, marched against the king. And he angrily cried.

> This king may climb the heavenly mount,
> May plunge beneath the sea:
> And yet—I promise it—the wretch
> Shall soon be slain by me.

So Valor reached the country by marches never in-

Again:

> At her birth she steals away her mother's heart,
> Loving friends, when she is older, fall apart,
> Even married, she is apt to bring a stain:
> Having daughters is a business full of pain.

Again:

> When a poem or daughter comes out,
> The author is troubled with doubt,
> With a doubt that his questions betray,
> Will she reach the right hands?
> Will she please as she stands?
> And what will the critics say?

Having thus considered the matter from every point of view, he sought the queen and said: "My dear queen, pray give careful attention to what these chamberlains have to say. Who is this offender whom the death-goal seeks today?"

Now when they had related the facts, the queen hastened in great perturbation to the maiden's apartments and found her daughter with lips sore from kissing and with telltale traces on her limbs. And she cried: "You wicked girl! You are a disgrace to the family! How could you throw your character away? Who is the man that

elephant or horse or weapon or other object, that shall remain his personal possession." This proclamation delighted the citizens, so that they gossiped together, saying: "This king of ours is a lofty soul, unalarmed even in the presence of the hostile host. He is certain to kill his rival in the morning."

Meanwhile the weaver, forgetting love's allurements, took counsel with his brooding mind "What am I to do now? Suppose I mount the machine and fly away, then I shall never meet my pearl, my wife, again. King Valor will drag her from the palace after killing my poor father-in-law. Yet if I accept battle, I shall meet death, who puts an end to every heart's desire. But death is mine if I lose her. Why spin it out? Death, sure death, in either case. It is better, then, to die game. Besides, it is just possible that the enemy, if they see me accepting battle and mounted on Garuda, will think me the genuine Vishnu and will flee. For the proverb says:

> Let resolution guide the great,
> However desperate his state,
> However grim his hostile fate:
>
> By resolution lifted high,
> With shrewd decision as ally,
> He grimly sees grim trouble fly."

When the weaver had thus resolved on battle, the *genuine* Garuda made respectful representations to the genuine Vishnu in heaven. "O Lord," he said "in a city on earth called Sugarcane is a weaver who, disguising himself as my Lord, has wedded a princess. As a result, a more powerful monarch of the south has marched to extirpate the king of Sugarcane City. Now the weaver today takes his resolution to befriend his father-in-law. This, then, is what I must refer to your decision. If he meets death in battle, then scandal will arise in the mor-

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on the ground, all purposive movement paralyzed. Some stood stock still, with terrified gaze fixed unwavering on heaven.

At this point all the gods were drawn to the spot by curiosity to see the fight, and Indra said to Brahma: "Brahma, is this some imp or demon who must needs be slain? For blessèd Vishnu, mounted on Garuda, has gone forth to battle in person." At these words Brahma pondered:

"Lord Vishnu's discus drinks in flood
The hostile demons' gushing blood,
And strikes no mortal flat:
The jungle lion who can draw
The tusker's life with awful paw,
Disdains to crush a gnat.

What means this marvel?" Thus Brahma himself was astonished. That is why I told you:

Not even Brahma sees the end
Of well devised deceit:
The weaver, taking Vishnu's form,
Embraced the princess sweet.

While the very gods were thus pondering with tense interest, the weaver hurled his discus at Valor. This discus, after cutting the king in twain, returned to his hand. At the sight, all the kings without exception leaped from their vehicles, and with hands, feet, and head drooping in limp obeisance, they implored him who bore the form of Vishnu: "O Lord,

An army, leaderless, is slain.

Be mindful of this and spare our lives. Command us. What are we to do?"

So spoke the whole throng of kings, until he made answer who bore the form of Vishnu: "Your persons are secure henceforth. Whatever commands you receive from

tal world to the effect that blessèd Vishnu has been killed by the king of the south. Thereafter sacrificial offerings will fail, and other religious ceremonies. Then atheists will destroy the temples of the Lord, while pilgrims of the triple staff, devotees of blessèd Vishnu, will abstain from pious journeyings Such being the condition of affairs, decision rests with my Lord."

Then blessèd Vishnu, after exhaustive meditation, spoke to Garuda: "O King of the wingèd, your reasoning is just. This weaver has a spark of divinity in him. Therefore he must be the slayer of yonder King And to bring this about you and I must befriend him. My spirit shall enter his body, you are to inspire his bird, and my discus his discus." "So be it," said Garuda, assenting.

Hereupon the weaver, inspired by Vishnu, gave instructions to Lovely: "Dear love, when I set out for battle, let all things be made ready that bring a benediction." He then performed auspicious ceremonies, assumed ornaments seemly for battle, and permitted worshipful offerings of yellow pigment, black mustard, flowers, and the like. But when the friend of day-blooming water-lilies, the blessèd, thousand-beamèd sun arose, adorning the bridal brow of the eastern sky, then to the victorious roll of the war-drums, the king issued from the city and drew near the field of battle, then both armies formed in exact array, then the infantry came to blows. At this moment the weaver, mounted on Garuda, and scattering largess of gold and precious gems, flew from the palace roof toward heaven's vault, while the townspeople, thrilling with wonder, gazed and adored, then beyond the city he hovered above his army, and drew from Vishnu's conch a proud, grand burst of martial sound.

At the blare of the conch, elephants, horses, chariots, foot-soldiers, were dismayed and many garments were fouled. Some with shrill screams fled afar. Some rolled

But one prepared to hear or speak
Unwelcome truth, is far to seek."

Hereupon Rusty, believing his words worthy of trust, respectfully asked him: "What do you wish to imply?" And Victor answered: "O King, Lively has crept into your confidence with treasonable purpose. On several occasions he has confidentially whispered in my hearing: 'I have examined the strong points and the weak in your master's power—in his prestige, his advisers, and his material resources. I plan to kill him and to seize the royal power myself without difficulty.' This very day this Lively person intends to carry out his design. That is why I am here to warn the master whose service is mine by inheritance."

To Rusty this report was more terrible than the fall of a thunderbolt. He sank into a panic-stricken stupor and said not a word. Then Victor, comprehending his state of mind, continued: "This is the great sadness in the discharge of a counselor's duty. There is wisdom in the saying

> When a counselor or king
> Rises higher than he should,
> Fortune strives in vain to make
> Still her double footing good.
> Being woman, feels the strain;
> Soon abandons one of twain.

For, indeed,

> With broken sliver, loosened tooth,
> Or counselor who falls in truth,
> Pull roots and all, so only, grief
> Will find its permanent relief.

And again

> No king should ever delegate
> To one sole man the powers of state:

the local king, King Stout-Mail, you must on all occasions unhesitatingly perform." And all the kings humbly received his instructions, saying: "Let it be as our Lord commands."

Thereupon the weaver bestowed on Stout-Mail all his rival's wealth, whether men or elephants or chariots or horses or stores of merchandise or other riches; while he himself, having attained the special majesty of those victorious, enjoyed all known delights with the princess.

"And that is why I say:

> The gods befriend a man who climbs
> *Determination's height*, ...

and the rest of it."

Having listened to this, Cheek said: "If you, too, are thus climbing determination's height, then proceed to the accomplishment of your desire. Blest be your journeyings."

Thereupon Victor sought the presence of the lion, who said, when Victor had bowed and seated himself, "Why has so long a time passed since you were last visible?" And Victor answered: "O King, urgent business awaits my master today. Hence I am come, the bearer of tidings unwelcome but wholesome. This is not, indeed, the desire of dependents, who yet bring such tidings when they fear the neglect of immediate and necessary action. As the proverb says:

> When those appointed to advise
> Speak wholesome truth, they cause surprise
> By this remarkable excess
> Of passionate devotedness.

And again:

> *A man is quickly found, O King,*
> *To say the sycophantic thing;*

However false and fickle grown,
Once dear is always dear:
Who does not love his body, though
Decrepit, blemished, queer?

And again:

His actions may be hard to bear,
His speech be harsh to hear;
The heart still clings delighted to
A person truly dear."

"For that very reason," retorted Victor, "there is a serious flaw in the business of getting on in the world. Observe how this person, upon whom the master has concentrated his consideration to the exclusion of the whole company of animals, now desires to become himself the master As the verse puts it:

The man of birth or man unknown,
If kingly eyes on him alone
Are fixed, aspires to seize the throne.

Therefore, dear though he be, he should be abandoned, being a traitor, like one who has never been dear. There is much wisdom in the saying:

Pursue your aim, abandoning
The fools inclined to sin,
The comrades, brothers, friends, or sons,
Or honorable kin·
You know the song the women sing,
We hear it far and near—
What good are golden earrings, if
They lacerate your ear?

"And if you fancy that he will bring benefit because he is bulky of body, you make a perverse mistake. For

How use a proud bull-elephant
That will not serve the king?

"My good fellow," said the lion, "pray do not say such things. For

'Never publicly defame
Any once commended name:
Broken promises are shame.

"Now I formerly gave him a safe-conduct, since he appeared as a suppliant. How then can he prove ungrateful?" But Victor rejoined:

"No rogue asks reason for his wrath:
Nor saint, to tread in kindness' path:
By nature's power, the sweet or sour
In sugar dwells or nim-tree's flower.

And again:

Caress a rascal as you will,
He was and is a rascal still:
All salve- and sweating-treatments fail
To take the kink from doggy's tail.

And once again,

Slight kindness shown to lofty souls
A strange enlargement seeks
The moonbeams gleam with whiter light
On Himalaya's peaks.

While, on the other hand:

The kindness shown to vicious souls
Strange diminution seeks
The gleam of moonbeams is absorbed
On Sooty Mountain's peaks.

A hundred benefits are lost,
If lavished on the mean:
A hundred epigrams, with their
True relevance unseen:

A man is better, fat or lean,
Who does the helpful thing.

"Again, any pity that our lord and king might feel toward him, is quite out of place. For

Whoever leaves the righteous path
For some unrighteous course
Will meet calamity in time
And suffer much remorse.

Whoever will not take from friends
Most excellent advice,
Will gladden foes, and falling soon,
Will pay his folly's price.

And again:

On wicked trick intently bent,
The wilful still lack ear to hear
(So blind their mind) of nice and vice
The cause in saws appearing clear.

Furthermore:

Where one will speak and one will heed
What in the end is well,
Although unpleasant at the time,
There riches love to dwell.

And again:

No king's retainer should devise
A fraud, for spies are kingly eyes.
Then bear with harsh as kind, O King:
The truth is seldom flattering.

Tried servants never should be left,
And strangers taken.
A kingdom's health by no disease
Is sooner shaken."

That dreadfully ungrateful man
Has brought me very low."

"How was that?" asked Rusty And Victor told the story of

THE UNGRATEFUL MAN

In a certain town lived a Brahman whose name was Sacrifice. Every day his wife, chafing under their poverty, would say to him: "Come, Brahman! Lazybones! Stony-Heart! Don't you see your babies starving, while you hang about, mooning? Go somewhere, no matter where, find some way, any way, to get food, and come back in a hurry."

At last the Brahman, weary of this refrain, undertook a long journey, and in a few days entered a great forest. While wandering hungry in this forest, he began to hunt for water. And in a certain spot he came upon a well, overgrown with grass. When he looked in, he discovered a tiger, a monkey, a snake, and a man at the bottom. They also saw him.

Then the tiger thought: "Here comes a man," and he cried. "O noble soul, there is great virtue in saving life. Think of that, and pull me out, so that I may live in the company of beloved friends, wife, sons, and relatives."

"Why," said the Brahman, "the very sound of your name brings a shiver to every living thing. I cannot deny that I fear you" But the tiger resumed:

"To Brahman-slayer, impotent,
To drunkard, him on treason bent,
To sinner through prevarication,
The holy grant an expiation:
While for ingratitude alone
No expiation will atone."

And he continued "I bind myself by a triple oath that no danger threatens you from me. Have pity and pull me out." Then the Brahman thought it through to this

A hundred counsels, when a life
Obeys no rigid rule;
A hundred cogent arguments
Are lost upon a fool.

Lost is every gift that goes
Where it does not fit;
Lost is service lavished on
Sluggish mind and wit.
Lost upon ingratitude
Is the kindest plan:
Lost is courtesy on one
Not a gentleman.

Or put it this way:

Perfume offered to a corpse,
Lotus-planting dry,
Weeping in the wood, prolonged
Rain on alkali,
Taking kinks from doggy's tail,
Drawl in deafened ear,
Decking faces of the blind,
Sense for fools to hear

Or this way:

Milk a bull, and think him some
Heavy-uddered cow,
Blind to lovely maidens, clasp
Eunuchs anyhow,
Seek in shining scraps of quartz
Lapis lazuli:
Do not serve an addlepate,
Bidding sense goodbye.

"Ergo, the master must by no means fail to heed r
sound advice. And one thing more:

What tiger, monkey, snake advised
I did not do: and so

which put new life into him. Furthermore, the monkey said: "If you ever have use for fruit, pray come here at any time." "You have done a friend's full duty," said the Brahman. "But please introduce me to the tiger." So the monkey led the way and introduced him to the tiger.

Now the tiger recognized him and, by way of returning his kindness, bestowed on him a necklace and other ornaments of wrought gold, saying: "A certain prince whose horse ran away with him came here alone, and when he was within range of a spring, I killed him. All this I took from his person and stored carefully for you. Pray accept it and go where you will."

So the Brahman took it, then recalled the goldsmith and visited him, thinking: "He will do me the favor of getting it sold." Now the goldsmith welcomed him with respectful hospitality, offering water for the feet, an honorable gift, a seat, hard food and soft, drink, and other things, then said: "Command me, sir. What may I do for you?" And the Brahman said: "I have brought you gold. Please sell it." "Show me the gold," said the goldsmith, and the other did so.

Now the goldsmith thought when he saw it: "I worked this gold for the prince." And having made sure of the fact, he said: "Please stay right here, while I show it to somebody." With this he went to court and showed it to the king. On seeing it, the king asked: "Where did you get this?" And the goldsmith replied: "In my house is a Brahman. He brought it."

Thereupon the king reflected: "Without question, that villain killed my son. I will show him what that costs." And he issued orders to the police: "Have this Brahman seized, fettered, and impale him tomorrow morning."

When the Brahman was fettered, he remembered the snake, who appeared at once and said: "What can I do to serve you?" "Free me from these fetters," said the Brahman. And the snake replied: "I will bite the king's

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Thereupon the king reflected. "Without question, that villain killed my son. I will show him what that costs." And he issued orders to the police. "Have this Brahman scum fettered, and impale him tomorrow morning."

When the Brahman was fettered, he remembered the snake, who appeared at once and said: "What can I do to serve you?" "Free me from these fetters," said the Brahman. And the snake replied: "I will bite the king's

dear queen. Then, in spite of the charms employed by any great conjurer and the antidotes of other physicians, I will keep her poisoned. Only by the touch of your hand will the poison be neutralized. Then you will go free."

Having made this promise, the snake bit the queen, whereupon shouts of despair arose in the palace, and the entire city was filled with dismay. Then they summoned dealers in antidotes, conjurers, scientists, druggists, and foreigners, all of whom treated the case with such resources as they had, but none could neutralize the poison. Finally, a proclamation was made with beat of drum, upon hearing which the Brahman said: "I will cure her." The moment he spoke, they freed him from his fetters, took him to the king, and introduced him. And the king said: "Cure her, sir." So he went to the queen and cured her by the mere touch of his hand.

When the king saw her restored to life, he paid the Brahman honor and reverence, then respectfully asked him: "Reveal the truth, sir. How did you come by this gold?" And the Brahman began at the beginning and related the whole adventure accurately. As soon as the king comprehended the facts, he arrested the goldsmith, while he gave the Brahman a thousand villages and appointed him privy counselor. But the Brahman summoned his family, was surrounded by friends and relatives, took delight in eating and other natural functions, acquired massive merit by the performance of numerous sacrifices, concentrated authority by heedful attention to all phases of royal duty, and lived happily.

"And that is why I say:

> What tiger, monkey, snake advised, ...

and the rest of it." And Victor continued:

> "Friend or kinsman, teacher, like—
> Must be kept from trespassing

If they cling to evil still,
They will bend you to their will.

"O King, he is obviously a traitor. However,

Tirelessly benevolent,
Save a friend on evil bent:
This is sainthood's perfect song:
Every substitute is wrong.

Again:

Who saves from vice is truly kind.
True wife is she who shares your mind.
True acts are free from every blame;
True joy, from avarice's shame;
True wisdom wins the praise of saints;
True friends involve in no restraints;
True glory knows no haughtiness;
True men are cheerful in distress.

And again

Rest your sleeping head in fire;
Pillow it with snakes:
Do not smile at worthy friends
Who pursue mistakes.

"Now my lord and king associates with Lively, making a vicious mistake that results in the neglect of the three things worth living for—virtue, money, and love. And in spite of my protestations, urged from various points of view, my lord and king goes his wilful way, unheeding. In the future, therefore, when the crash comes, do not blame your servant. You have heard the saying:

No thought of profit or of right
Can headstrong monarchs stay,
Who, like bull-elephants amuck,
Pursue their reckless way;

When, puffed with pride, they come to grief
In thickets of distress,
They blame their servants, and forget
Their proper naughtiness."

"Such being the case, my good fellow," said the lion, "should I warn him?" "What! Warn him?" said Victor. "What kind of policy would that be? For

He stings or strikes in hasty fear
When warning has been heard:
'Tis wise to warn an enemy
By action, not by word."

"After all," said Rusty, "he is a grass-nibbler. I am a carnivore. How can he hurt me?" "Precisely," said Victor. "He is a grass-nibbler. My lord and king is a carnivore. He is food. My lord and king devours food. In spite of all, if the fellow is not likely to work harm through his own power, he will egg on another to it. As the saying goes,

The weak, malicious fool
Can use a keener tool
It sharpens sword blades, but
The whetstone cannot cut."

"How can that be?" said the lion. And Victor answered. "Why, you have constantly engaged in battle with unnumbered bull-elephants, wild oxen, buffaloes, boars, tigers, and leopards, until your body is spotted with scars left by the thrust of claw and tusk. Now this Lively, living beside you, is always scattering his excrement far and wide. In it worms will breed. These worms, finding your body conveniently near, will creep into ready-made crevices, and will bore deep. And so you are as good as dead. As the proverb says,

With no stranger share your house.
Leap, the flea, killed Creep, the

How was that?" asked Rusty. And Victor told the story of

LEAP AND CREEP

In the palace of a certain king stood an incomparable bed, blessed with every cubiculary virtue. In a corner of its coverlet lived a female louse named Creep. Surrounded by a thriving family of sons and daughters, with the sons and daughters of sons and daughters, and with more remote descendants, she drank the king's blood as he slept. On this diet she grew plump and handsome.

While she was living there in this manner, a flea named Leap drifted in on the wind and dropped on the bed. This flea felt supreme satisfaction on examining the bed—the wonderful delicacy of its coverlet, its double pillow, its exceptional softness like that of a broad, Gangetic sand bank, its delicious perfume. Charmed by the sheer delight of touching it, he hopped this way and that until—fate willed it so—he chanced to meet Creep, who said to him. "Where do you come from? This is a dwelling fit for a king. Begone, and lose no time about it." "Madam," said he, "you should not say such things. For

> The Brahman reverences fire,
> Himself the lower castes' desire,
> The wife reveres her husband dear;
> But all the world must guests revere.

Now I am your guest. I have of late sampled the various blood of Brahmans, warriors, business men, and serfs, but found it acid, slimy, quite unwholesome. On the contrary, he who reposes on this bed must have a delightful vital fluid, just like nectar. It must be free from morbidity, since wind, bile, and phlegm are kept in harmony by constant and heedful use of potions prepared by physicians. It must be enriched by viands unctuous, tender,

melting in the mouth; viands prepared from the flesh of the choicest creatures of land, water, and air, seasoned furthermore with sugar, pomegranate, ginger, and pepper. To me it seems an elixir of life. Therefore, with your kind permission, I plan to taste this sweet and fragrant substance, thus combining pleasure and profit."

"No," said she. "For fiery-mouthed stingers like you, it is out of the question. Leave this bed. You know the proverb:

> The fool who does not know
> His own resource, his foe,
> His duty, time, and place,
> Who sets a reckless pace,
> Will by the wayside fall,
> Will reap no fruit at all."

Thereupon he fell at her feet, repeating his request. And she agreed, since courtesy was her hobby, and since, when the story of that prince of sharpers, Muladeva, was being repeated to the king while she lay on a corner of the coverlet, she had heard how Muladeva quoted this verse in answer to the question of a certain damsel:

> Whoever, angry though he be,
> Has spurned a suppliant enemy,
> In Shiva, Vishnu, Brahma, he
> Has scorned the Holy Trinity.

Recalling this, she agreed, but added: "However you must not come to dinner at a wrong place or time." "What is the right place and what is the right time?" he asked. "Being a newcomer, I am *not au courant*." And she replied: "When the king's body is mastered by wine, fatigue, or sleep, then you may quietly bite him on the feet. This is the right place and the right time." To these conditions he gave his assent.

In spite of this arrangement, the famished bungler,

when the king had just dozed off in the early evening, bit him on the back. And the poor king, as if burned by a firebrand, as if stung by a scorpion, as if touched by a torch, bounded to his feet, scratched his back, and cried to a servant: "Rascal! Somebody bit me. You must hunt through this bed until you find the insect."

Now Leap heard the king's command and in terrified haste crept into a crevice in the bed. Then the king's servants entered, and following their master's orders, brought a lamp and made a minute inspection. As fate would have it, they came upon Creep as she crouched in the nap of the fabric, and killed her with her family.

"And that is why I say:

With no stranger share your house, . . .

and the rest of it. And another thing. My lord and king does wrong in neglecting the servants who are his by inheritance. For

> Whoever leaves his friends,
> Strange folk to cherish,
> Like foolish Fierce-Howl, will
> Untimely perish."

"How was that?" asked Rusty. And Victor told the story of

THE BLUE JACKAL

There was once a jackal named Fierce-Howl, who lived in a cave near the suburbs of a city. One day he was hunting for food, his throat pinched with hunger, and wandered into the city after nightfall. There the city dogs snapped at his limbs with their sharp-pointed teeth, and terrified his heart with their dreadful barking, so that he stumbled this way and that in his efforts to escape and happened into the house of a dyer. There he tumbled

While time passed in this fashion, he was sitting one day in his court when he heard the sound made by a pack of jackals howling near by. At this his body thrilled, his eyes filled with tears of joy, he leaped to his feet, and began to howl in a piercing tone. When the lions and others heard this, they perceived that he was a jackal, and stood for a moment shamefaced and downcast, then they said. "Look! We have been deceived by this jackal. Let the fellow be killed." And when he heard this, he endeavored to flee, but was torn to bits by a tiger and died.

"And that is why I say:

Whoever leaves his friends, . . .

and the rest of it."

Then Rusty asked, "How am I to recognize that he is treacherous? And what is his fighting technique?" And Victor answered, "Formerly he would come into the presence of my lord and king with limbs relaxed. If today he approaches timidly, in obvious readiness to thrust with his horns, then the king may understand that he has treachery in mind."

Hereupon Victor rose and visited Lively. To him, also, he showed himself sluggish, like one penetrated by discouragement. Therefore Lively said: "My good fellow, are you in spirits?" To which he replied: "How can a dependent be in spirits? For you know

They see their wealth in others' power
Who wait upon a king;
They even fear to lose their lives:
A doleful song they sing.

Again:

With birth begin the sorrows which
Forever after cling.
The never ending train of woes
In service of a king

Five deaths-in-life sage Vyasa notes
  With well-known epic swing:
The poor man, sick man, exile, fool,
  And servant of a king.

His food repels; he dare not say
  An independent thing:
Though sleepless, he is not awake
  Who hangs upon a king.

The common phrase 'a dog's life' has
  A most persuasive ring:
But dogs can do the things they like;
  A slave obeys his king.

He must be chaste, sleep hard, grow thin,
  And eat a meager dinner:
The servant lives as lives the saint,
  Yet is not saint, but sinner.

He cannot do the things he would,
  He serves another's mind:
He sells his body. How can such
  A wretch contentment find?

According to the lesser distance,
A servant uses more persistence
In watching for his master's whim
And trembling at the sight of him
And this because a fire, a king,
Are double name for single thing,
A burning thing that men can stand
Afar, but not too close at hand

What flavor has a tidbit, though
  It be as good as good,
Soft, dainty, melting in the mouth
  If bought by servitude?

to sum it all up:

What is my place? My time? My friends?
Expenditure or dividends?
And what am I? And what my power?
So must one ponder hour by hour."

After listening to this, Lively said, perceiving that Victor had a hidden purpose in mind: "Tell me, my good fellow, what you wish to imply." And Victor answered: "Well, you are my friend. I cannot help telling you what is to your profit. Here goes. The master, Rusty, is filled with wrath against you. And he said today: 'I will kill Lively and provide a feast for all who eat meat.' Of course, I fell into deep dejection on hearing this. Now you must do what the crisis demands."

To Lively this report was like the fall of a thunderbolt, and he fell into deep dejection. Yet as Victor's words were always plausible, he grew more and more troubled, fell into a panic, and said: "Yes, the proverb is right:

Women oft are tricked by scamps;
Kings with rascals oft agree,
Toward the skinflints money drifts;
Rain on mountains falls and sea.

Ah, me! Ah, me! What is this that has befallen me?

You serve your king most heedfully
Of course. Who could complain?
But enmity as your reward
Is unexpected pain.

And again

If one is angry, giving cause,
Remove it, and the wrath will pause:
But how may man propitiate
A mind that harbors causeless hate?

Who does not fear the scoundrel's art
The causeless hate, the flinty heart?
For ever ready venom drips
Resistless from his serpent lips.

The stupid king-swan pecks by night
At starshine, in the water bright,
Believing it a lotus white;

Then, fearing stars when shines the sun,
Avoids the lotus. Everyone
Who dreads a trap, will blessings shun.

Alas! What wrong have I done our master Rusty?"

"Comrade," said Victor, "kings love to injure witho reason, and they seek out the vulnerable spot in an a versary." "True, too true," said Lively. "There is wisd in the verse:

The serpent sandal-trees defiles;
In lotus-ponds lurk crocodiles.
The slanderer makes virtue vain:
No blessing lacks attendant pain

No lotus decks the mountain height;
From scoundrels issues nothing right.
To saints no change of heart is known.
Rice never sprouts from barley sown.

Nobility's constraints
Are felt by gracious saints,
Who bear good deeds in mind
Forget the other kind

"Yet, after all, the fault is mine, because I made ad vances to a false friend. As the story goes

Harsh talk, untimely action,
False friends—are worse tha

The swan in lilies sleeping,
Was by the arrow slain."

"How was that?" asked Victor. And Lively told the story of

PASSION AND THE OWL

Within a certain forest was a broad expanse of lake. There lived a king-swan named Passion, who spent his days in a great variety of pastimes. One day death, fatal death, visited him in the person of an owl. And the swan said: "This is a lonely wood. Where do you come from?" The owl replied. "I came because I heard of your virtues. Furthermore,

In search of virtue roaming
The wide world through,
No virtues being greater,
I come to you.

That I must cling in friendship
To you, is sure:
The impure turns, attaining
The Ganges, pure.

And again

The conch was bone that Vishnu's hand
Has purified
For contact with the righteous lends
A noble pride."

After this address, the swan gave his assent, in the words: "My excellent friend, dwell with me as you like by this broad lake in this pleasant wood." So their time was spent in friendly diversions.

But one day the owl said: "I am going to my own home, which is called Lotus Grove. If you set any value on me and feel any affection, you must not fail to pay a visit as my guest." With these words he went home.

Who does not fear the scoundrel's art
The causeless hate, the flinty heart?
For ever ready venom drips
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Then, fearing stars when shines the sun,
Avoids the lotus. Everyone
Who dreads a trap, will blessings shun.

Alas! What wrong have I done our master Rusty?"

"Comrade," said Victor, "kings love to injure without reason, and they seek out the vulnerable spot in an adversary." "True, too true," said Lively. "There is wisdom in the verse:

The serpent sandal trees defiles,
In lotus-ponds lurk crocodiles,
The slanderer makes virtue vain:
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Nobility's constraints
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Forget the other kind

"Yet, after all, the fault is mine, because I made advances to a false friend. As the story goes,

Harsh talk, untimely action,
False friends—are worse I

He compliments you to your face:
His whispered slanders never stop:
Avoid a friend like that. He is
A poison-jug with cream on top.

"Yes, I have learned by experience the truth of the well-known verse:

He lifts his hands to see you standing there,
His eyes grow moist; he offers half his chair;
He hugs you warmly to his eager breast;
In kindly talk and question finds no rest;
His skill is wondrous in deceptive tricks;
Honey without, within the poison sticks.
What play is this, what strange dramatic turns,
That every villain, like an actor, learns?

At first rogues' friendship glitters bright
With service, flattery, delight,
Thence, in its middle journey, shoot
Gay flowers of speech that fail to fruit;
Its final goal is treason, shame,
Disgust, and slanders that defame
Alas! Who made the cursed thing?
Its one foul purpose is to sting.

And again:

They bow abjectly; leap to greet
You with their speech seductive-sweet;
Pursue and hug you day by day;
Of deep devotion make display:
All praise your virtue. Never one
Finds time to *do* what should be done

"Woe is me! How can I, a creature herbivorous, consort with this lion who devours raw flesh? There is wisdom in the saying

Now as time passed, the swan reflected: "I have grown old, living in this spot, and I do not know a single other region. So now I will go to visit my dear friend, the owl. There I shall find a brand-new recreation ground and new kinds of food, both hard and soft."

After these reflections, he went to visit the owl. At first he could not find him in Lotus Grove, and when, after a minute search, he discovered him, there was the poor creature crouching in an ugly hole, for he was blind in the daytime. But Passion called: "My dear fellow, come out! I am your dear friend the swan, come to pay you a visit."

And the owl replied: "I do not stir by day. You and I will meet when the sun has set." So the swan waited a long time, met the owl at night, and after giving the conventional information about his health, being wearied by his journey, he went to sleep on the spot.

Now it happened that a large commercial caravan had encamped at that very lake. At dawn the leader rose and had the signal of departure given by conch. This the owl answered with a loud, harsh hoot, then dived into a hole in the river-bank. But the swan did not stir. Now the evil omen so disturbed the leader's spirit that he gave orders to a certain archer who could aim by sound. This archer strung his powerful bow, drew an arrow as far as his ear, and killed the swan, who was resting near the owl's nest.

"And that is why I say:

Harsh talk, untimely action, . . .

and the rest of it."

And Lively continued: "Why, our master Rusty was all honey at first, but at the last his purpose turns to poison. Ah, yes!

The blooded horse that wins his race,
Must like a cow be led:
The good in goodness often find
An enemy to dread.

Where *Jamna's* waves roll blue
With sands of sapphire hue,
Black serpents have their lair:
And who would hunt them there,
But that a jewel's bright star
From each hood gleams afar?
By virtue rising, all
By that same virtue fall.

The man of virtue commonly
Is hateful to the king,
While riches to the scamps and fools
Habitually cling:
The ancient chant 'By virtue great
Is man' has run to seed;
The world takes rare and little note
Of any plucky deed.

Sad, shamefaced lions fail to rage,
Their spirit mastered by the cage;
And captive elephants' brows and pride
By drivers' goads are scarified.
Charms dull the cobras, hopeless woe
Lays scholars flat and soldiers low
For Time, the mountebank, enjoys
A juggling bout with chosen toys

The honey-greedy bee—poor fool!—
Deserts the flowering lotus pool
Where danger is not found, to sip
The ichor-perfume[?] whose rills that drip
From elephant foreheads, does not fear
The flapping of that monstrous ear

Where wealth is very much the same,
And similar the family fame,
Marriage or friendship is secure;
But not between the rich and poor.

And there is a proverb:

The sun, already setting, shows
His final flaming power,
And still the honey-thirsty bee
Explores the lotus-flower,
Forgets that it will prove a trap
That shuts at set of sun:
Ambition, thirsting for reward,
Is blind to dangers run.

Abandoning the lotus bloom
With all its sweet content,
The jasmine's natural perfume
And luxury of scent,
The water bees seek toilsome food,
On ichor sipping bent:
So men reject the easy good,
In rogues o'erconfident.

The bees that, too adventurous,
A novel honey seek
In springtime ichor glistening on
The elephant monarch's cheek,
When, tossed by wind from flapping ears,
They tumble to the ground,
Remember then what gentle sport
In lotus-cups is found.

Yet, after all, virtues involve corresponding defects. For

The fruit tree's branch, by very wealth
Of fruit, is bended low;
The peacock's feathered pride compels
A sluggish gait and slow.

the lion experienced compassion and guaranteed his personal security

In this posture of affairs, the lion fought an elephant one day, received a thrust from a tusk, and had to keep his cave. And when five or six days had passed, they all found themselves in urgent distress from the failure of food. So the lion, observing how they drooped, said to them: "I am crippled by this wound and cannot supply you with the usual food. You will just have to make an effort on your own account."

And they replied: "Why should we care to thrive, while our lord and king is in this state?" "Bravo!" said the lion. "You show the conduct and devotion of good servants. Round up some food animal for me while I am in this condition." Then, when they made no answer, he said to them: "Come! Do not be bashful. Hunt up some creature. Even in my present condition I will convert it into food for you and myself."

So the four started to roam the woods. Since they found no food-animal, the crow and the jackal conferred together, and the jackal said: "Friend crow, why roam about? Here is Ugly, who trusts our king. Let us provide for our sustenance by killing him."

"A very good suggestion," said the crow. "But after all, the master guaranteed his personal security, and so cannot kill him."

"Quite so," said the jackal. "I will interview the master and make him think of killing Ugly. Stay right here until I go home and return with the master's answer." With this he hastened to the master.

When he found the lion, he said, "Master, we have roamed the entire forest, and are now too famished to stir a foot. Besides, the king is on a diet. So, if the king commands, one might fortify one's health today by means of Ugly's flesh."

When the lion had listened to this ruthless proposal,

So, by his nature, greedy man
Forgets the issue of his plan.

"Yes, by entering a vulgarian's sphere of power, I have certainly forfeited my life. As the proverb says:

All who live upon their wits,
Many learnèd, too, are mean,
Do the wrong as quick as right:
Illustration may be seen
In the well known tale that features
Camel, crow, and other creatures."

"How was that?" asked Victor. And Lively told the story of

UGLY'S TRUST ABUSED

In a certain city lived a merchant named Ocean, who loaded a hundred camels with valuable cloth and set out in a certain direction. Now one of his camels, whose name was Ugly, was overburdened and fell limp, with every limb relaxed. Then the merchant divided the pack of cloth, loaded it on other camels, and because he found himself in a wild forest region where delay was impossible, he proceeded, leaving Ugly behind.

When the trader was gone, Ugly hobbled about and began to crop the grass. Thus in a very few days the poor fellow regained his strength.

In that forest lived a lion whose name was Haughty, who had as hangers-on a leopard, a crow, and a jackal. As they roamed the forest, they encountered the abandoned camel, and the lion said, after observing his fantastic and comical shape: "This is an exotic in our forest. Ask him what he is." So the crow informed himself of the facts and said: "This is what goes by the name of camel in the world." Thereupon the lion asked him: "My good friend, where did you come from?" And the camel gave precise details of his separation from the trader, so that

offer our own bodies. Thus we shall pay the debt we owe our gracious master. And the proverb says:

> Servants, when disaster
> Comes upon their master,
> If alive and well,
> Tread the road to hell."

So they all went, their eyes brimming with tears, bowed low before Haughty, and sat down.

On seeing them, Haughty said. "My friends, did you catch any creature, or see any?" And the crow replied: "Master, though we roamed everywhere, we still did not catch any creature, nor see any. Master, pray eat me and support your life for a day. Thus the master will be replete, while I shall rise to heaven. For the saying goes:

> A servant who, in loyal love
> Has yielded up his breath,
> Adorns a lofty seat in heaven
> Secure from age and death."

On hearing this, the jackal said "Your body is small. If he ate you, the master would scarcely prolong his life. Besides, there is a moral objection For the verse tells us:

> Crows' flesh and such small leavings
> Are things to be passed by
> Why eat an evil somewhat
> That does not satisfy?

"You have shown your loyalty, and have won a saintly reputation in both worlds. Now make way, while I address the master." So the jackal bowed respectfully and said "Master, pray use my body to support your life today, thus conferring on me the best of earth and heaven. For the proverb says

> Since servants' lives on masters hang
> In forfeit for their pay

he cried out angrily: "Shame upon you, most degraded of sinners! The moment you repeat those words, I will strike you dead. Why, I guaranteed his personal security. How can I kill him with my own paw? You have heard the saying:

> The wise declare and understand
> No gift of cow or food or land
> To be among all gifts as grand
> As safety granted on demand."

"Master," replied the jackal, "if you kill him after guaranteeing his safety, then you are indeed blameworthy. If, however, of his own accord he devotedly offers his own life to his lord and king, then no blame attaches. So you may kill him on condition that he voluntarily destines himself to slaughter. Otherwise, pray eat one or another of the rest of us. For the king is on a diet, and if food fails, he will experience a change for the worse. In that case, what value have these lives of ours, which will no longer be spent in our master's service? If anything disagreeable happens to our gracious master, then we must follow him into the fire. For the proverb says:

> *Save the chieftain of the clan,*
> *Whatsoe'er the pain.*
> *Lose him, and the clan is lost;*
> *Hubless spokes are vain."*

After listening to this, Haughty said: "Very well. Do as you will."

With this message the jackal hastened to say to the others: "Well, friends, the master is very low. The life is oozing from the tip of his nose. If he goes, who will be our protector in this forest? So, since starvation is driving him toward the other world, let us go and voluntarily

Having come to this conclusion, he said: "Very admirable, friend leopard. But you too are unguipugnatious. How, then, can the master eat you? There is a proverb to fit the case:

The mere imagining of wrongs
To kinsmen done, confirms
The loss of earth and heaven. Such rogues
Turn into unclean worms.

Make way, then, so that I, too, may address the master."

So poor Ugly stood in the presence, bowed low and said, "Master, these you surely may not eat. Pray prolong your life by means of my life, so that I may win the best of earth and heaven. For the proverb says:

No sacrificer and no saint
Can ever rise as high
As do the simple servingfolk
Who for the master die."

Hereupon the lion gave the word, the leopard and the jackal tore his body, the crow pecked out his eyes, poor Ugly yielded up the ghost, and all the others ravenously devoured him.

"And that is why I say,

All who live upon their wits, . . .

and the rest of it."

After telling the story, Lively continued, addressing Victor: "My dear fellow, this king, with his shabby advisers, brings no good to his dependents. Better have as king a vulture advised by swans than a swan advised by vultures. For from the vulture advisers many vices appear in their master, quite sufficient to bring ruin. Of the two, therefore, one should choose the former as king. But a king instigated by evil counsel is incapable of reflection. You know the saying

The master perpetrates no sin
In taking them away."

Hearing this, the leopard said: "Very praiseworthy, indeed, my friend. However, your body is rather small too. Besides, he ought not to eat you, since you belong to the same unguipugnacious family. You know the proverb:

The prudent, though with life at stake,
Avoid forbidden food
(Too small at that)—from fear to lose
Both earth's and heaven's good

Well, you have shown yourself a loyal servant. There is truth in the stanza,

That swarms of gentlemen delight
A monarch, is not strange,
Since, first and last and times between,
Their honor does not change

Make way, then, so that I, too, may win the master's grace."

Thereupon the leopard bowed low and said, "Master, pray prolong your life for a day at the cost of my life. Grant me an everlasting home in heaven, and spread my fame afar on earth. Pray show no hesitation. For the proverb says:

A servant who, by loyal love,
Has demonstrated worth,
Attains a lasting home above
And glory on the earth."

Hearing this, poor Ugly thought, "Well, they used the most elegant phrases. Yet the master did not kill a single one of them. So I, too, will make a speech befitting the occasion. I have no doubt that all three will contradict me."

Having come to this conclusion, he said: "Very admirable, friend leopard. But you too are unguipugnacious. How, then, can the master eat you? There is a proverb to fit the case:

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Your jackal does not reassure;
Your crow's sharp bill offends:
You therefore see me up a tree—
I do not like your friends."

"How was that?" asked Victor. And Lively told the story of

THE LION AND THE CARPENTER

In a certain city lived a carpenter named Trung... It was his constant habit to carry his lunch and go with his wife into the forest, where he cut great anjana logs. Now in that forest lived a lion named Spotless, who had as hangers-on two carnivorous creatures, a jackal and a crow.

One day, the lion was roaming the wood alone and encountered the carpenter. The carpenter for his part, on beholding that most alarming lion, whether considering himself already lost or perhaps with the ready wit to perceive that it is safer to face the powerful, advanced to meet the lion, bowed low, and said: "Come, friend! come! Today you must eat my own dinner which my wife—your brother's wife—has provided."

"My good fellow," said the lion, "being carnivorous I do not live on rice. But in spite of that, I will have a taste, since I take a fancy to you. What kind of dainties have you got?"

When the lion had spoken, the carpenter stuffed him with all kinds of dainties—buns, muffins, chewers, and things, all flavored with sugar, butter, grapejuice, and spice. And to show his gratitude, the lion guaranteed his safety and granted unhindered passage through the forest. Then the carpenter said: "Comrade, you must come here every day, but please come alone. You must not bring anyone else to visit me." In this manner they start

their days in friendship. And the lion, since every day he received such hospitality, such a variety of goodies, gave up the practice of hunting

Then the jackal and the crow who lived on others' luck, went hungry, and they implored the lion. "Master," they said, "where do you go every day? And tell us why you come back so happy" "I don't go anywhere," said he But when they urged the question with great deference, the lion said "A friend of mine comes into this wood every day. His wife cooks the most delicious things, and I eat them every day, in order to show friendly feeling"

Then the jackal and the crow said "We two will go there, will kill the carpenter, and have enough meat and blood to keep us fat for a long time." But the lion heard them and said: "Look here! I guaranteed his safety. How can I even imagine playing him such a scurvy trick? But I will get a delicious tidbit from him for you also."

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So the three started to find the carpenter. While they were still far off, the carpenter caught a glimpse of the lion and his seedy companions, and he thought: "This does not look prosperous to me." So he and his wife made haste to climb a tree.

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Then the lion came up and said: "My good fellow, why did you climb a tree when you saw me? Why, I am your friend, the lion. My name is Spotless. Do not be alarmed." But the carpenter stayed where he was and said:

After telling the story, Lively continued: "Somebody must have set Rusty against me. Besides:

Soft water's scars elide
The mighty mountain side,
  And leave it much diminished
By those who have the trick
To make a whisper stick
  Man's gentleness is finished.

"Under these circumstances, what action is opportune? Indeed, there is nothing left save battle. For the proverb says.

By gifts, by self-denial,
By sacrificial trial
  Some slowly win to heaven.
To him who yields his life
In glad, heroic strife,
  Quick entrance there is given.

And again

The slain attains the sky,
  The victor joyful lives.
And heroes are content
  With these alternatives.

And once again

Gay maidens, smart with gems and gold,
  The flyflap's royal toy
Throne, horse, and elephant, and each
  The white umbrella's joy
And sign of monarchy—these the reward
  Are not for coward's lot."

When he heard this, Victor thought: "The fellow has sharp horns and plenty of vigor. He might perhaps strike down the master, if fate decreed it. That would not do, either. And the proverb says:

Even with heroes victory
  Whimsically may alight.
Try three other methods first.
  Only in extremis fight.

So I will use my wits to turn his thoughts from fighting." And he said, "My dear fellow, this is not a good plan, because

He loses fights who fights before
  His foeman's power is reckoned
The ocean and the plover fought,
  And ocean came out second."

"How was that?" asked Lively. And Victor told the story of

THE PLOVER WHO FOUGHT THE OCEAN

A plover and his wife once lived by the shore of the sea, the mighty sea that swarms with fish, crocodiles, turtles, sharks, porpoises, pearl oysters, shellfish, and other teeming life. The plover was called Sprawl, and his wife's name was Constance

After telling the story, Lively continued: "Somebody must have set Rusty against me. Besides:

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> The mighty mountain side,
> And leave it much diminished:
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> The white umbrella, joy
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"How was that?" asked Lively. And Victor told the story of

THE PLOVER WHO FOUGHT THE OCEAN

A plover and his wife once lived by the shore of the sea, the mighty sea that swarms with fish, crocodiles, turtles, sharks, porpoises, pearl oysters, shellfish, and other teeming life. The plover was called Sprawl, and his wife's name was Constance.

Or stirs the wrath of one so dread
His glance may strike his victim dead?

However summer heat distresses
In wild and treeless wildernesses,
Who, after all, would seek the shade
By some rogue elephant's body made?

And again:

When morning's chilly breezes blow
With whirling particles of snow,
What man with sense of value sure,
Employs for cold the water cure?

To visit Death what man desires,
So wakes the lion's sleeping fires,
Who, tired from slaying elephants,
Lies in a temporary trance?

Who dares to visit and defy
The death-god? Dares the fearless cry—
I challenge you to single strife;
If power be yours, pray take my life?

What son of man, with simple wit,
Defies the fire, and enters it—
The smokeless flame that terrifies,
Whose tongues by hundreds lick the skies?"

But even as he spoke, his wife laughed outright, since she knew the full measure of his capacity, and she said: "Very fine, indeed. There is plenty more where that came from. O king of birds,

Your heavy boastings startle, shock,
And make of you a laughingstock.
One marvels if the rabbit plants
A dung-pile like the elephant's

How can you fail to appreciate your own strength and weakness? There is a saying:

> To know one's self is hard, to know
>   Wise effort, effort vain;
> But accurate self-critics are
>   Secure in times of strain.
>
> This much of effort brings success:
>   I have the power: I can:
> So think, then act, and reap the fruit
>   Of your judicious plan.

And there is sound sense in this:

> To take advice from kindly friends
>   Be ever satisfied
> The stupid turtle lost his grip
>   Upon the stick, and died."

"How was that?" asked Sprawl. And Constance told the story of

SHELL-NECK, SLIM, AND GRIM

In a certain lake lived a turtle named Shell Neck. He had as friends two ganders whose names were Slim and Grim. Now in the vicissitudes of time there came a twelve-year drought, which begot ideas of this nature in the two ganders: "This lake has gone dry. Let us seek another body of water. However, we must first say farewell to Shell Neck, our dear and long-proved friend."

When they did so, the turtle said: "Why do you bid me farewell? I am a water-dweller, and here I should perish very quickly from the scant supply of water and from grief at loss of you. Therefore, if you feel any affection for me, please rescue me from the jaws of this death. Besides, as the water dries in this lake, you two suffer nothing beyond a restricted diet, while to me it means

immediate death. Consider which is more serious, loss of food or loss of life."

But they replied: "We are unable to take you with us since you are a water-creature without wings." Yet the turtle continued: "There is a possible device. Bring a stick of wood." This they did, whereupon the turtle gripped the middle of the stick between his teeth, and said: "Now take firm hold with your bills, one on each side, fly up, and travel with even flight through the sky, until we discover another desirable body of water."

But they objected: "There is a hitch in this fine plan. If you happen to indulge in the smallest conversation, then you will lose your hold on the stick, will fall from a great height, and will be dashed to bits."

"Oh," said the turtle, "from this moment I take a vow of silence, to last as long as we are in heaven." So they carried out the plan, but while the two ganders were painfully carrying the turtle over a neighboring city, the people below noticed the spectacle, and there arose a confused buzz of talk as they asked: "What is this cart-like object that two birds are carrying through the atmosphere?"

Hearing this, the doomed turtle was heedless enough to ask: "What are these people chattering about?" The moment he spoke, the poor simpleton lost his grip and fell to the ground. And persons who wanted meat cut him to bits in a moment with sharp knives

"And that is why I say:

> To take advice from kindly friends, ...

and the rest of it." And Constance continued:

> Forethought and Readywit thrive;
> alist can't keep alive.

"How was that?" asked Sprawl. And she told the story of

FORETHOUGHT, READYWIT, AND FATALIST

In a great lake lived three full-grown fishes, whose names were Forethought, Readywit, and Fatalist. Now one day the fish named Forethought overheard passers-by on the bank and fishermen saying: "There are plenty of fish in this pond. Tomorrow we go fishing."

On hearing this, Forethought reflected: "This looks bad. Tomorrow or the day after they will be sure to come here. I will take Readywit and Fatalist and move to another lake whose waters are not troubled." So he called them and put the question.

Thereupon Readywit said. "I have lived long in this lake and cannot move in such a hurry. If fishermen come here, then I will protect myself by some means devised for the occasion."

But poor, doomed Fatalist said. "There are sizable lakes elsewhere. Who knows whether they will come here or not? One should not abandon the lake of his birth merely because of such small gossip. And the proverb says:

> Some scamp and sneak and snake
> So often undertake
> A plan that does not thrive,
> The world wags on, alive.

Therefore I am determined not to go." And when Forethought realized that their minds were made up, he went to another body of water.

On the next day, when he had gone, the fishermen with their boys beset the inner pond, cast a net, and caught all the fish without exception. Under these circumstances Readywit, while still in the water, played

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Now I am so sad at the loss of my children that I have decided to burn myself."

"My dear," said the plover, "wait until you witness my power, until I dry up that rascally *ocean* with my bill." But she replied: "My dear husband, how can you fight the ocean? Furthermore,

Gay simpletons who fight,
Not estimating right
The foe's power and their own,
Like moths in flame atone."

"My dear," said the plover, "you should not say such things

The sun's new-risen beams
Upon the mountains fall:
Where glory is cognate,
Age matters not at all.

With this bill I shall dry up the water to the last drop, and turn the sea into dry land." "Darling," said his wife, "with a bill that holds one drop how will you dry up the ocean, into which pour without ceasing the Ganges and the Indus, bearing the water of nine times nine hundred tributary streams? Why talk nonsense?" But the plover said:

Success is rooted in the will.
And I possess an iron-strong bill.
Long days and nights before me lie.
Why should not ocean's flood go dry?

The highest glory to attain
Asks enterprise and manly strain:
The sun must first to Libra climb
Before he routs the cloudy time

"Well," said his wife, "if you feel that you must make

war on the ocean, at least call other birds to your aid before you begin. For the proverb says:

A host where each is weak
Brings victory to pass:
The elephant is bound
By woven ropes of grass.

And again:

Woodpecker and sparrow
With froggy and gnat,
Attacking *en masse*, laid
The elephant flat."

"How was that?" asked Sprawl. And Constance told the story of

THE DUEL BETWEEN ELEPHANT *AND SPARROW*

In a dense bit of jungle lived a sparrow and his wife, who had built their nest on the branch of a tamal tree, and in course of time a family appeared.

Now one day a jungle elephant with the spring fever was distressed by the heat, and came beneath that tamal tree in search of shade. Blinded by his fever, he pulled with the tip of his trunk at the branch where the sparrows had their nest, and broke it. In the process the sparrows' eggs were crushed, though the parent-birds—further life being predestined—barely escaped death.

Then the hen sparrow lamented, desolate with grief at the death of her chicks. And presently, hearing her lamentation, a woodpecker bird, a great friend of hers, came grieved at her grief, and said "My dear friend, why lament in vain? For the Scripture says

For lost and dead and past
The wise have no laments
Between the wise and fools
Is just this difference.

And again:

> No life deserves lament;
> Fools borrow trouble,
> *Add sadness to the* sad,
> So make it double.

And yet again:

> Since kinsmen's sticky tears
> Clog the departed,
> Bury them decently,
> Tearless, whole-hearted."

"That is good doctrine," said the hen-sparrow, "but what of it? This elephant—curse his spring fever!—killed my babies. So if you are my friend, think of some plan to kill this big elephant. If that were done, I should feel less grief at the death of my children. You know the saying:

> While one brings comfort in distress,
> Another jeers at pain,
> By paying both as they deserve,
> A man is born again."

"Madam," said the woodpecker, "your remark is very true. For the proverb says:

> A friend in need is a friend indeed,
> Although of different caste;
> The whole world is your eager friend
> So long as riches last.

And again:

> A friend in need is a friend indeed;
> Fathers indeed are those who feed;
> True comrades they, and wives indeed,
> Whence trust and sweet content proceed.

"Now see what my wit can devise. But you must know that I, too, have a friend, a gnat called Lute-Buzz. I will

return with her, so that this villainous beast of an elephant may be killed."

So he went with the hen-sparrow, found the gnat, and said: "Dear madam, this is my friend the hen-sparrow. She is mourning because a villainous elephant smashed her eggs. So you must lend your assistance while I work out a plan for killing him."

"My good friend," said the gnat, "there is only one possible answer. But I also have a very intimate friend, a frog named Cloud-Messenger. Let us do the right thing by calling him into consultation. For the proverb says:

> A wise companion find,
> Shrewd, learnèd, righteous, kind;
> For plans by him designed
> Are never undermined."

So all three went together and told Cloud-Messenger the entire story. And the frog said: "How feeble a thing is that wretched elephant when pitted against a great throng enraged! Gnat, you must go and buzz in his fevered ear, so that he may shut his eyes in delight hearing your music. Then the woodpecker's bill will peck out his eyes. After that I will sit on the edge of a pit and croak. And he, being thirsty, will hear me, and will approach expecting to find a body of water. When he comes to the pit, he will fall in and perish."

When they carried out the plan, the fevered elephant shut his eyes in delight at the song of the gnat, was blinded by the woodpecker, wandered thirst-smitten at noonday, followed the croak of a frog, came to a great pit, fell in, and died.

"And that is why I say:

> Woodpecker and sparrow,

and the rest of it."

"Very well," said the plover. "I will assemble my friends and dry up the ocean." With this in mind, he summoned all the birds and related his grief at the rape of his chicks. And they started to beat the ocean with their wings, as a means of bringing relief to his sorrow.

But one bird said: "Our desires will not be accomplished in this manner. Let us rather fill up the ocean with clods and dust." So they all brought what clods and dust they could carry in the hollow of their bills and started to fill up the ocean.

Then another bird said: "It is plain that we are not equal to a contest with mighty ocean. So I will tell you what is now timely. There is an old gander who lives beside a banyan tree, who will give us sound and practical advice. Let us go and ask him. For there is a saying:

> Take old folks' counsel (those are old
>   Who have experience)
> The captive wild-goose flock was freed
>   By old gander's sense."

"How was that?" asked the birds. And the speaker told the story of

THE SHREWD OLD GANDER

In a part of a forest was a fig tree with massive branches. In it lived a flock of wild geese. At the root of this tree appeared a creeping vine of the species called *koshambi*. Thereupon the old gander said. "This vine that is climbing our fig tree bodes ill to us. By means of it, someone might perhaps climb up here some day and kill us. Take it away while it is still slender and readily cut." But the geese despised his counsel and did not cut the vine, so that in course of time it wound its way up the tree.

Now one day when the geese were out foraging, a hunter climbed the fig tree by following the spiral vine,

laid a snare among the nests, and went home. When the geese, after food and recreation, returned at nightfall, they were caught to the last one. Whereupon the old gander said: "Well, the disaster has taken place. You are caught, having brought it on yourselves by not heeding my advice. We are all lost now."

Then the geese said to him: "Sir, the thing having come to pass, what ought we to do now?" And the old fellow replied: "If you will take my advice, play dead when that hateful hunter comes. And when the hunter, inferring that we are dead, throws the last one to the ground, we then must all rise simultaneously, flying over his head."

At early dawn the hunter arrived, and when he looked them over, everyone seemed as good as dead. He therefore freed them from the snare with perfect assurance, and threw them all to the ground, one after the other. But when they saw him preparing to descend, they all followed the shrewd plan of the old gander and flew up simultaneously.

"And that is why I say:

Take old folks' counsel, ...

and the rest of it."

When the story had been told, all the birds visited the old gander and related their grief at the rape of the chicks. Then the old gander said: "The king of us all is Garuda. Therefore, the timely course of action is this. You must all stir the feelings of Garuda by a chorus of wailing lamentation. In consequence, he will remove our sorrow." With this purpose they sought Garuda.

Now Garuda had just been summoned by blessed Vishnu to take part in an impending battle between gods and demons. At just this moment the birds reported to their master, the king of the birds, what sorrow in the

separation of loved ones had been wrought by the ocean when he seized the chicks. "O bird divine," they said, "while you gleam in royal radiance, we must live on what little is won by the labor of our bills. Because of our weak necessity of eating, the ocean has, in overbearing manner, carried away our young. Now there is a saying:

> The poor are in peculiar need
> Of being secret when they feed:
> The lion killed the ram who could
> Not check his appetite for food."

"How was that?" asked Garuda. And an old bird told the story of

THE LION AND THE RAM

In a part of a forest was a ram, separated from his flock. In the armor of his great fleece and horns, he roamed the wood, a tough customer.

Now one day a lion in that forest, who had a retinue of all kinds of animals, encountered him. At this unprecedented sight, since the wool so bristled in every direction as to conceal the body, the lion's heart was troubled and invaded by fear. "Surely, he is more powerful than I am," thought he. "That is why he wanders here so fearlessly." And the lion edged away.

But on a later day the lion saw the same ram cropping grass on the forest floor, and he thought: "What! The fellow nibbles grass! His strength must be in relation to his diet." So he made a quick spring and killed the ram.

"And that is why I say:

> The poor are in peculiar need
> Of being secret when they feed,

While they were thus conferring, Vishnu's messenger returned and said: "Garuda, Lord Vishnu sends orders that you repair at once to the celestial city." On hearing this, Garuda proudly said to him: "Messenger, what will the master do with so poor a servant as I am?"

"Garuda," said the messenger, "it may be that the blessèd one has spoken to you harshly. But why should you display pride toward the blessèd one?" And Garuda replied: "The ocean, the resting-place of the blessèd one, has stolen the eggs of the plover, who is my servant. If I do not chastise him, then I am not the servant of the blessèd one. Make this report to the master."

Now when Vishnu learned from the messenger's lips that Garuda was feigning anger, he thought: "Ah, he is dreadfully angry. I will therefore go in person, will address him, and bring him back with all honor. For the *proverb says:*

> Shame no servant showing worth,
> Loyalty, and noble birth;
> Pet him ever like a son,
> If you wish your business done.

And again:

> Masters, fully satisfied,
> Pay by gratifying pride;
> Servants, for such honor's pay,
> Gladly throw their lives away."

Having reached this conclusion, he hastened to Garuda, who, beholding his master a visitor in his own house, modestly gazed on the ground, bowed low, and said: "O blessèd one, the ocean, made insolent by his service as your resting-place, has stolen—behold! has stolen the eggs of my servant, and thus brought shame upon me. From reverence for the blessèd one, I have de-

layed. But if nothing is done, I myself will this day reduce him to dry land. For the proverb says:

> A loyal servant dies, but shrinks
> From doing deeds of such a kind
> As bring contempt from common men
> And lower him in his master's mind."

To this the blessèd one replied: "O son of Vinata, your speech is justified. Because

> For servants' crimes the master should
> Be made to suffer, say the good,
> So long as he does not erase
> From service, cruel folk and base.

"Come, then, so that we may recover the eggs from ocean, may satisfy the plover, and then proceed to the celestial city on the gods' business." To this Garuda agreed, and the blessèd one reproached the ocean, then fitted the fire-arrow to his bow and said: "Villain, give the plover his eggs. Else, I will reduce you to dry land."

On hearing this, the ocean, while all his train shook with fright, tremblingly took the eggs and restored them to the plover, as the blessèd one directed.

"And that is why I say

> He loses fights who fights before
> His foeman's power is reckoned,

and the rest of it."

Now when Lively understood the matter, he asked Victor: "Tell me, comrade. What is his fighting technique?" And Victor answered. "Formerly he would lie carelessly on a slab of stone, with limbs relaxed. If today his tail is drawn in at the very first, if his four paws are bunched and his ears pricked up, and if he is watch-

ing for you while you are still far off, then you may understand that he has treachery in mind."

Hereupon Victor visited Cheek, who asked: "What have you accomplished?" And he replied: "I have already set them at odds with each other." "Have you really done it?" said Cheek. And Victor answered: "The outcome will show you." "Indeed," said Cheek, "it is not surprising. For the proverb says:

A well-devised estranging scheme
The firmest prudence shocks,
As constant floods of water split
The mountains' close-piled rocks."

Then Victor continued: "Having wrought an estrangement, a man should not fail to seek his own advantage in it. As the verse puts it:

The man who studies every book
And understands, yet does not look
To his advantage, learns in vain:
His books are merely mental strain."

"But in the final analysis," said Cheek, "there is no such thing as personal advantage. For

Since worms and filth and ashes cling,
The body is a loathsome thing:
What statecraft therefore may there be
In hurting it vicariously?"

"Ah," replied Victor, "you have no comprehension of the devious ways of statesmanship, the basic support of the profession of counselor. On this point there is a verse:

Let your speech like sugar be,
Steel your heart remorselessly;
Never draw a doubtful breath:
Pay for suffered wrongs with death.

And another thing. This Lively, even when killed, will provide us with nourishment. For you know,

> The wise who wrongs another,
> Pursuing selfish good,
> Should keep his plans a secret,
> As Smart did in the wood."

"How was that?" asked Cheek. And Victor told the story of

SMART, THE JACKAL

In a part of a forest lived a lion named Thunder-Fang, in company with three counselors, a wolf, a jackal, and a camel, whose names were Meat-Face, Smart, and Spike-Ear. One day he fought with a furious elephant whose sharp-pointed tusk so tore his body that he withdrew from the world.

Then, suffering from a seven-day fast, his body lean with hunger, he said to his famished advisers: "Round up some creature in the forest, so that, even in my present condition, I may provide needed nourishment for you." The moment he issued his orders, they roamed the wood, but found nothing.

Thereupon Smart reflected. "If Spike-Ear here were killed, then we should all be nourished for a few days. However, the master is kept from killing him by friendly feeling. In spite of that, my wit will put the master in a frame of mind to kill him. For, indeed,

> All understanding may be won,
> All things be slain, and all be done,
> If mortals have sufficient wit,
> For me, I make good use of it."

After these reflections, he said to Spike-Ear: "Friend Spike-Ear, the master lacks wholesome food, and is starving. If the master goes, our death is also a certain thing.

him, but had only taken a taste when Smart cried: "Drop it, Meat-Face. The master is coming."

Presently the lion returned, saw that the camel was minus a heart, and wrathfully roared: "Look here! Who turned this camel into leavings? I wish to kill him, too." Then Meat-Face peered into Smart's visage, as much as to say: "Come, now! Say something, so that he may calm down." But Smart laughed and said, "Come, come! You ate the camel's heart all by yourself. Why do you look at me?" And Meat-Face, hearing this, fled for his life, making for another country. But when the lion had pursued him a short distance, he turned back, thinking: "He, too, is unguipugnacious. I must not kill him."

At this moment, as fate would have it, there came that way a great camel caravan, heavily laden, making a tremendous jingling with the bells tied to the camels' necks. And when the lion heard the jingle of the bells, loud even in the distance, he said to the jackal: "My good fellow, find out what this horrible noise may be."

On receiving this commission, Smart advanced a little in the forest, then darted back, and cried in great excitement: "Run, master! Run, if you can run!"

"My good fellow," said the lion, "why terrify me so? Tell me what it is." And Smart cried: "Master, the Death-God is coming, and he is in a rage against you because you brought untimely death upon his camel, and had him guarantee the bargain. He intends to make you pay a thousand fold for his camel. He has immense pride in his camels. He also plans to make inquiries about the father and grandfathers of that one. He is coming. He is near at hand."

When the lion heard this, he, too, abandoned the dead camel and scampered for dear life. Whereupon Smart ate the camel bit by bit, so that the meat lasted a long time.

At this point Cheek perceived that both of them, red as dhak trees in blossom, were intent on killing each other, and he said reproachfully to Victor: "You dunderhead! In setting these two at enmity, you have done a wicked deed. You have brought trouble and confusion into this entire forest, thus proving your ignorance of the true nature of statecraft. For the saying runs:

Those are counselors indeed,
Wise in statecraft, who succeed
In composing reckless strife
That, unhindered, threatens life:
Those on petty purpose bent,
Keen to visit punishment,
Quick in wrong and folly, bring
Risk to kingdom and to king.

Ah, poor fool!

Men of true discernment, first
  Try conciliation;
For the victories of peace
  Suffer no frustration.

Ah, poor simpleton! You seek the post of counselor, and are ignorant of the very name of conciliation. Your ambition is vain, since you love harsh measures. As the proverb puts it,

Lord Brahma bids the statesman try
  Conciliation first,
Postpone or shun (it can be done)
  Harsh deeds, of all deeds worst.

'Tis neither sun nor flashing gem
  Nor fiery spark,
'Tis peace, from bitter foeman's hearts
  That routs the dark.

And again:

Try peaceful means, not harsh, to make
  Your quarrel flit:
Take sugar, not cucumber, for
  A bilious fit.

And once again:

The doors that wit unlocks are three—
Peace, shrewd intrigue and bribery;
The fourth device that brings success
In struggle, is plain manliness.

'Tis womanish, no doubt, to show
  Small strength, abundant sense:
But power is merely bestial, if
  Without intelligence.

Snake, lion, elephant, and fire,
  With water, wind, and sun,
Have power. From undirected power
  Is little profit won.

"Now if it was overweening pride in being the son of a counselor that has led you to outrage decency, the result will be merely your own ruin. As the proverb says:

What is learning whose attaining
Sees no passion wane, no reigning
  Love and self-control?
Does not make the mind a menial,
Finds in virtue no congenial
  Path and final goal?
Whose attaining is but straining
For a name, and never gaining
  Fame or peace of soul?

"Now in the treatises on the subject statesmanship is subsumed under five heads, to wit: proper inception,

resources, human and material; determination of place and time; countermeasures for mischance; and successful accomplishment. At the present moment, the master finds himself in serious peril. So, if you have any such capacity, devise countermeasures for his mischance. For the wisdom of a counselor finds its test in the patching of friendship. Ah, you fool! That you cannot do, because you have a perverted mind. As the saying goes:

> No scamp can further others' work,
>   But can deprave it:
> The mole uproots the mulberry,
>   But cannot save it.

"After all, the fault is not yours, but rather the master's who trusts your words, dull witted as you are. And the proverb says:

> Educating sluggish wit
> Kills no pride but fosters it:
> In the sunlight others find
> Aid to vision, owls go blind.
>
> Education thrusts aside
> Man's fatuity and pride;
> If it foster them, who can
> Cure the educated man?
> Remedies are useless when
> Heaven's nectar poisons men."

And Cheek, beholding his master in pitiful plight, sank into deep dejection. "Dreadful," he cried, "dreadful is the penalty the master pays for taking evil counsel! Indeed, there is wisdom in the verse:

> Monarchs who adopt a plan
> From the mean and vicious man,
> Who refuse to tread the way
> That the prudent counsel—they

Enter misadventure's cage
Where the adversaries rage;
Thence deliverance's gate
Crowns an issue rugged, strait.

"Fool! Fool! All the world seeks the service of a master whose retinue is righteous. How, then, can such an evil counselor as you, who, like a beast, understand nothing but destruction—how can such a one enrich the master with righteous companions? For the proverb says:

Monarchs, ill-advised, repel
Even though they purpose well:
Sweet and placid waters smile,
But beware the crocodile.

"Yet you, I suppose, seeking your own advantage, desire to have the king quite solitary. Ah, fool! Are you ignorant of the verse?

Kings shine as social beings, not
As solitaries;
Whoever wish them lonely are
Their adversaries.

And again:

Draw benefit from comments harsh:
No poison, thus
In flattery see treason, not
True nectar's bliss.

"And if you are grieved at seeing others happy and prosperous, that, too, is wicked. It is wrong to proceed thus when friends have fulfilled their nature. For

Those who seek, through treason, friends,
Seek, through humbug, righteous ends
Property by wronging neighbors;
Learning's wealth by easy labors;

Woman's love by cruel pride—
These are fools, self-stultified.

Likewise:

The happiness of subjects makes
The monarch gay and brave;
Nay, what would be the dancing sea
With no gem flashing wave?

"Furthermore, for one who has enjoyed the master's favor, modesty is peculiarly proper. As the verse puts it:

According to his favored state,
A servant's modest, humble gait
Is notably appropriate.

"Your character, however, is marked by levity. And the proverb says:

The great are firm, though battered, as before;
Great ocean is not fouled by caving shore:
For petty cause the fickle change and pass;
The gentlest breezes ruffle pliant grass.

"When all is said, it is the master's fault. For in pursuit of virtue, money, and love, he recklessly takes counsel with one like you—one who lives by the mere pretense of administrative competence, in total ignorance of the six expedients and the four devices for attaining success. Yes, there is wisdom in this:

If kings are satisfied
With servants at their side
Who ply a wheedling tongue,
Whose bows are never strung,
Then kingly glory goes
Embracing manlier foes.

"Indeed there is much sense in the story which is summed up in the familiar verse

One day he failed to appear at the regular hour, but the following day, on entering the palace, he announced: "O King, I bring you the best of good tidings. At dawn today I flung this body aside within my cell, assumed a body fit for the world of the gods, and, inspired with the knowledge that all the immortals thought of me with longing, I went to heaven and have just returned. While there, I was requested by the gods to inquire in their name after the king's welfare."

When he heard this, the king said, his extreme curiosity begetting a feeling of amazement "What, Professor! You go to heaven?" "O mighty King," replied the fellow, "I go to heaven every day." This the king believed—poor dullard!—so that he grew negligent of all royal business and all duties toward the ladies, concentrating his attention on the monk.

While matters were in this state, Strong entered the king's presence, after settling all disturbances in the forest domain. He found the master wholly indifferent to every one of his counselors, withdrawn in private conference with that naked monk, discussing what seemed to be some miraculous occurrence, his lotus face ablossom. And on learning the facts, Strong bowed low and said: "Victory, O King! May the gods give you wit!"

Thereupon the king inquired concerning the counselor's health, and said: "Sir, do you know this professor?" To which the counselor replied "How could there be ignorance of one who is lord and creator of a whole school of professors? Moreover, I have heard that this professor goes to heaven. Is it a fact?" "Everything that you have heard," answered the king, "is beyond the shadow of doubt."

Thereupon the monk said: "If this counselor feels any curiosity, he may see for himself." With this he entered his cell, barred the door from within, and waited there. After the lapse of a mere moment, the counselor spoke

"O King," he said, "how soon will he return?" And the king replied: "Why this impatience? You must know that he leaves his lifeless body within this cell, and returns with another, a heavenly body."

"If this is indeed the case," said Strong, "then bring a great quantity of firewood, so that I may set fire to this cell." "For what purpose?" asked the king. And the counselor continued: "So that, when this lifeless body has been burned, the gentleman may stand before the king in that other body which visits heaven. In this connection I will tell you the story of

THE GIRL WHO MARRIED A SNAKE

In Palace City lived a Brahman named Godly, whose childless wife wept bitterly when she saw the neighbors' youngsters. But one day the Brahman said: "Forget your sorrow, mother dear. See! When I was offering the sacrifice for birth of children, an invisible being said to me in the clearest words: 'Brahman, you shall have a son surpassing all mankind in beauty, character, and charm.' "

When she heard this, the wife felt her heart swell with supreme delight. "I only hope his promises come true," she said. Presently she conceived, and in course of time gave birth to a snake. When she saw him, she paid no attention to her companions, who all advised her to throw him away. Instead, she took him and bathed him, laid him with motherly tenderness in a large, clean box, and pampered him with milk, fresh butter, and other good things, so that before many days had passed, he grew to maturity.

But one day the Brahman's wife was watching the marriage festival of a neighbor's son, and the tears streamed down her face as she said to her husband: "I know that you despise me, because you do nothing about a marriage festival for my boy." "My good wife," answered he, "am-

to go to the depths of the underworld and beseech Vasuki the serpent king? Who else, you foolish woman, would give his own daughter to this snake?"

But when he had spoken, he was disturbed at seeing the utter woe in his wife's countenance. He therefore packed provisions for a long journey, and undertook foreign travel from love of his wife. In the course of some months he arrived at a spot called Kutkuta City in a distant land. There in the house of a kinsman whom he could visit with pleasure since each respected the other's character, he was hospitably received, was given a bath, food, and the like, and there he spent the night.

Now at dawn, when he paid his respects to his Brahman host and made ready to depart, the other asked him: "What was your purpose in coming hither? And where will your errand lead you?"

To this he replied: "I have come in search of a fit wife for my son." "In that case," said his host, "I have a very beautiful daughter, and my own person is yours to command. Pray take her for your son." So the Brahman took the girl with her attendants and returned to his own place.

But when the people of the country beheld her incomparable opulence of beauty, her supreme loveliness and superhuman graces, their eyes popped out with pleasure, and they said to her attendants: "How can right-thinking persons bestow such a pearl of a girl upon a snake?" On hearing this, all her elderly relatives without exception were troubled at heart, and they said: "Let her be taken from this imp-ridden creature." But the girl said: "No more of this mockery! Remember the text:

> Do once, once only, these three things:
> Once spoken, stands the word of kings,
> The speech of saints has no miscarriage
> A maid is given once in marriage.

And Yama said: "It was simply fated that he should die at the mere sight of Death." With this reply they went back to heaven.

"And that is why I say:

All fated happenings, ...

and the rest of it. Furthermore, I do not wish my father reproached for double dealing on the part of his daughter." When she had said this, she married the snake, with the permission of her companions, and at once began devoted attendance upon him by offering milk to drink and performing other services.

One night the serpent issued from the generous chest which had been set for him in her chamber, and entered her bed. "Who is this?" she cried. "He has the form of a man." And thinking him a strange man, she started up, trembling in every limb, unlocked the door, and was about to dart away when she heard him say: "Stay, my dear wife. I am your husband." Then, in order to convince her, he reentered the body which he had left behind in the chest, issued from it again, and came to her.

When she beheld him flashing with lofty diadem, with earrings, bracelets, armbands, and rings, she fell at his feet, and then they sank into a glad embrace.

Now his father, the Brahman, rose betimes and discovered how matters stood. He therefore seized the serpent's skin that lay in the chest, and consumed it with fire, for he thought: "I do not want him to enter that again." And in the morning he and his wife, with the greatest possible joy, introduced to everybody as their own an extraordinarily handsome son, quite wrapped up in his love affair.

After Strong had related this parallel case to the king, he set fire to the cell that contained the naked monk.

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And again:

> All fated happenings, derived
> From any former state,
> Must changeless stand: the very gods
> Endured poor Blossom's fate."

Whereupon they all asked in chorus: "Who was this Blossom person?" And the girl told the story of

POOR BLOSSOM

God Indra once had a parrot named Blossom. He enjoyed supreme beauty, loveliness, and various graces while his intelligence was not blunted by his extensive scientific attainments.

One day he was resting on the palm of great Indra's hand, his body thrilling with delight at that contact, and was reciting a variety of authoritative formulas, when he caught sight of Yama, lord of death, who had come to pay his respects at the time appointed. Seeing the god, the parrot edged away. And all the thronging immortals asked him: "Why did you move away, sir, upon beholding that personage?" "But," said the parrot, "he brings harm to all living creatures. Why not move away from him?"

Upon hearing this, they all desired to calm his fears, so said to Yama: "As a favor to us, you must please not kill this parrot." And Yama replied "I do not know about that. It is Time who determines these matters."

They therefore took Blossom with them, paid a visit to Time, and made the same request. To which Time replied: "It is Death who is posted in these affairs. Pray speak to him."

But when they did so, the parrot died at the mere sight of Death. And they were all distressed at seeing the occurrence, so that they said to Yama: "What does this mean?"

And Yama said: "It was simply fated that he should die at the mere sight of Death." With this reply they went back to heaven.

"And that is why I say:

All fated happenings, ...

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"And that is why I say:

The counselor whose name was Strong. . . .

and the rest of it. Poor fool! Such men are true counselors, not creatures like you, who make a living by a mere pretense of administrative competence, though quite ignorant of the ways of statecraft. Your evil conduct demonstrates an inherited lack of executive capacity. Surely, your father before you was the same kind of person. For

The character of sons
The father e'er reflects:
Who, from a screw-pine tree,
An emblic fruit expects?

"While in men of learning and native dignity, an inner weakness is not detected even with the lapse of time. It remains hidden, unless of their own accord they cast dignity aside and display what is vulnerable in their minds. For

Did not the silly peacock wheel
In giddy dance at thunder's peal,
What peering effort could reveal
His nakedness?

"Since, then, you are a villain, good advice is thrown away upon you. As the saying goes:

No knife prevails against a stone:
Nor bends the unbending tree;
No good advice from Needle-Face
Helped indocility."

"How was that?" asked Victor. And Check told the story of

THE UNTEACHABLE MONKEY

In a part of a forest was a troop of monkeys who found a firefly one winter evening when they were dreadfully

depressed. On examining the insect, they believed it to be fire, so lifted it with care, covered it with dry grass and leaves, thrust forward their arms, sides, stomachs, and chests, scratched themselves, and enjoyed imagining that they were warm. One of the arboreal creatures in particular, being especially chilly, blew repeatedly and with concentrated attention on the firefly.

Thereupon a bird named Needle-Face, driven by hostile fate to her own destruction, flew down from her tree and said to the monkey: "My dear sir, do not put yourself to unnecessary trouble. This is not fire. This is a firefly." He, however, did not heed her warning but blew again, nor did he stop when she tried more than once to check him. To cut a long story short, when she vexed him by coming close and shouting in his ear, he seized her and dashed her on a rock, crushing face, eyes, head, and neck so that she died.

"And that is why I say:

> No knife prevails against a stone; . . . .

and the rest of it. For, after all,

> Educating minds unfit
> Cannot rescue sluggish wit,
> Just as house-lamps wasted are,
> Set within a covered jar.

"Plainly, you are what is known as 'worse-born.' The technical explanation runs:

> Sons of four divergent kinds
> Are discerned by well-trained minds
> 'Born,' and 'like-born,' 'better-born',
> Lastly, 'worse born' has their scorn.
>
> 'Born' the mother's image gives:
> 'Like-born' like the father lives,

'Better-born' more nobly acts;
'Worse-born' morally subtracts.

h, there is wisdom in the saying:

By whom far-piercing wisdom or
Great wealth or power is won
To lift the family, in him
A mother has a son.

in:

A merely striking beauty
Is not so hard to find;
A rarer gem is wisdom,
Far-reaching power of mind.

"Yes, there is sense in the story:

Right-Mind was one, and Wrong-Mind two:
I know the tale by heart.
The son in smoke made father choke
By being supersmart."

"How was that?" asked Victor. And Cheek told tl
ory of

RIGHT-MIND AND WRONG-MIND

In a certain city lived two friends, sons of merchants, and their names were Right-Mind and Wrong-Mind. These two traveled to another country far away in order to earn money. There the one named Right-Mind, as a consequence of favoring fortune, found a pot containing a thousand dinars, which had been hidden long before by a holy man. He debated the matter with Wrong-Mind, and they decided to go home, since their object was attained. So they returned together.

When they drew near their native city, Right-Mind said: "My good friend, a half of this falls to your share Pray take it, so that, now that we are at home, we ma

cut a brilliant figure before our friends and those less friendly."

But Wrong-Mind, with a sneaking thought of his own advantage, said to the other: "My good friend, so long as we two hold this treasure in common, so long will our virtuous friendship suffer no interruption. Let us each take a hundred dinars, and go to our homes after ing the remainder. The decrease or increase of this treasure will serve as a test of our virtue."

Now Right-Mind, in the nobility of his nature, did not comprehend the hidden duplicity of his friend, and agreed to the proposal. Each then took a certain sum of money. They carefully hid the residue in the ground, and made their entrance into the city.

Before long, Wrong-Mind exhausted his preliminary portion because he practiced the vice of unwise expenditure and because his predetermined fate offered vulnerable points He therefore made a second division with Right-Mind, each taking a second hundred. Within a year this, too, had slipped in the same way through Wrong-Mind's fingers As a result, his thoughts took this form: "Suppose I divide another two hundred with him, then what is the good of the remainder, a paltry four hundred, even if I steal it? I think I prefer to steal a round six hundred." After this meditation, he went alone, removed the treasure, and leveled the ground.

A mere month later, he took the initiative, going to Right-Mind and saying: "My good friend, let us divide the rest of the money equally." So he and Right-Mind visited the spot and began to dig. When the excavation failed to reveal any treasure, that impudent Wrong-Mind first of all smote his own head with the empty pot, then shouted "What became of that good lucre? Surely, Right-Mind, you must have stolen it. Give me my half. If you don't, I will bring you into court."

"Be silent, villain!" said the other. "My name is Right-

Mind. Such thefts are not in my line. You know the verse:

> A man right-minded sees but trash,
> Mere clods of earth, in others' cash;
> A mother in his neighbor's wife,
> In all that lives, his own dear life."

So together they carried their dispute to court and related the theft of the money. And when the magistrates learned the facts, they decreed an ordeal for each. But Wrong-Mind said: "Come! This judgment is not proper For the legal dictum runs:

> Best evidence is written word,
> Next, witnesses who saw and heard;
> Then only let ordeals prevail
> When witnesses completely fail.

In the present case, I have a witness, the goddess of the wood. She will reveal to you which one of us is guilty, which not guilty. And they replied. "You are quite right, sir. For there is a further saying:

> To meanest witnesses, ordeals
> Should never be preferred;
> Of course much less, if you possess
> A forest goddess' word

Now we also feel a great interest in the case. You two must accompany us tomorrow morning to that part of the forest." With this they accepted bail from each and sent them home.

Then Wrong-Mind went home and asked his father's help. "Father dear," said he, "the dinars are in my hand. They only require one little word from you. This very night I am going to hide you out of sight in a hole in the mimosa tree that grows near the spot where I dug out the treasure before. In the morning you must be my witness in the presence of the magistrates."

"Oh, my son," said the father, "we are both lost. This is no kind of a scheme. There is wisdom in the old story:

> The good and bad of given schemes
> Wise thought must first reveal:
> The stupid heron saw his chicks
> Provide a mungoose meal."

"How was that?" asked Wrong-Mind. And his father old the story of

A REMEDY WORSE THAN THE DISEASE

A flock of herons once had their nests on a fig tree in a part of a forest. In a hole in the tree lived a black snake who made a practice of eating the heron chicks before their wings sprouted

At last one heron, in utter woe at seeing the young ones eaten by a snake, went to the shore of the pond, shed a flood of tears, and stood with downcast face. And a crab who noticed him in this attitude, said. "Uncle, why are you so tearful today?" "My good friend," said the heron, "what am I to do? Fate is against me. My babies and the youngsters belonging to my relatives have been eaten by a snake that lives in a hole in the fig tree. Grieved at their grief, I weep Tell me, is there any possible device for killing him?"

On hearing this, the crab reflected: "After all, he is a natural born enemy of my race. I will give him such advice—a kind of true lie—that other herons may also perish. For the proverb says:

> Let your speech like butter be;
> Steel your heart remorselessly;
> Stir an enemy to action
> That destroys him with his faction"

And he said aloud: "Uncle, conditions being as they are, scatter bits of fish all the way from the mungoose

burrow to the snake's hole. The mungoose will follow that trail and will destroy the villainous snake."

When this had been done, the mungoose followed the bits of fish, killed the villainous snake, and also ate at his leisure all the herons who made their home in the tree.

"And that is why I say:

> The good and bad of given schemes, ...

and the rest of it."

But Wrong-Mind disdained the paternal warning, and during the night he hid his father out of sight in the hole in the tree. When morning came, the scamp took a bath, put on clean garments, and followed Right-Mind and the magistrates to the mimosa tree, where he cried in piercing tones:

> "Earth, heaven, and death, the feeling mind,
> Sun, moon, and water, fire and wind,
> Both twilights, justice, day and night
> Discern man's conduct, wrong or right

O blessed goddess of the wood, which of us two is the thief? Speak '

Then Wrong-Mind's father spoke from his hole in the mimosa: "Gentlemen, Right-Mind took that money." And when all the king's men heard this statement, their eyes blossomed with astonishment, and they searched their minds to discover the appropriate legal penalty for stealing money, in order to visit it on Right-Mind

Meanwhile Right-Mind heaped inflammable matter about the hole in the mimosa and set fire to it. As the mimosa burned, Wrong-Mind's father issued from the hole with a pitiful wail, his body scorched and his eyes popping out. And they all asked 'Why, sir? What does *this mean?"*

"It is all Wrong-Mind's doing."

upon the king's men hanged Wrong-Mind to a branch of the mimosa, while they commended Right-Mind and caused him satisfaction by conferring upon him the king's favor and other things.

"And that is why I say:

Right-mind was one, and Wrong-mind two, ...

and the rest of it."

After telling the story, Cheek continued: "Poor fool! By your oversubtle wisdom you have burned your own family. Yes, there is wisdom in the saying:

Rivers find their ending
In the salty sea;
Household peace, as soon as
Women disagree;
Secrets end that do not
Every traitor shun;
Families are ended
In a wicked son.

"Besides, who can trust a creature, whether human or not, that has two tongues in a single mouth? As the proverb says:

Mouth of snake and scamp
Bear a savage stamp:
Rough and ruthless still,
Only good for ill:
Where the tongue is double,
You may look for trouble.

"Consequently, your conduct makes me fearful for my own person. For

I would not trust a rascal·
His ways I understand.
The petted, pampered serpent
Will bite the feeding hand

other persons mean no more to you than withered grass. As the saying goes:

> Where mice eat balance-beams of iron
> A thousand *pals* in weight,
> A hawk might steal an elephant;
> A boy is trifling freight."

"How was that?" asked Victor. And Cheek told the story of

THE MICE THAT ATE IRON

In a certain town lived a merchant named Naduk, who lost his money and determined to travel abroad For

> The meanest of mankind is he
> Who, having lost his money, can
> Inhabit lands or towns where once
> He spent it like a gentleman

And again:

> The neighbor gossips blame
> His poverty as shame
> Who long was wont to play
> Among them, proud and gay.

In his house was an iron balance-beam inherited from his ancestors, and it weighed a thousand *pals*. This he put in pawn with Merchant Lakshman before he departed for foreign countries.

Now after he had long traveled wherever business led him through foreign lands he returned to his native city and said to Merchant Lakshman: "Friend Lakshman, return my deposit, the balance-beam." And Lakshman said, "Friend Naduk, your balance-beam has been eaten by mice."

To this Naduk replied, "Lakshman, you are in no way to blame, if it has been eaten by mice. Such is life. Nothing in the universe has any permanence. However,

Again:

A fire will burn, though kindled
  In fragrant sandalwood:
A rascal is a rascal,
  Although his birth is good.

"After all, this is the very nature of rascals. As the proverb says:

Each self-advertising traitor,
Skillful as calumniator,
Fate condemns to ruin all
Who within his clutches fall.

Oh, any tongue in human mouth
  That lends itself to slander's cant
Yet does not split a hundred times,
  Is surely made of adamant.

Oh, may no evil e'er befall
  The lion-man who loves his kind,
Who practices a silent vow
  When others' faults are in his mind

"Ah, one must use great circumspection in making acquaintances. As the proverb says:

With the shrewd and upright man
  Seek a friendship rare;
Exercise with shrewd and false
  Superheedful care;
Pity for the upright fool
  Find within your heart.
If a man be fool and false,
  Shun him from the start.

"Yes, your efforts have tended to the destruction not only of your own family, but, toward the last, of the master too. Since you reduce yo[illegible] master to this state,

am I to do? Before my eyes a hawk carried him from the river-bank." "Come, Naduk!" said they, "you are not telling the truth. How can a hawk carry off a fifteen-year-old boy?" Then Naduk laughed outright and said: "Gentlemen, listen to my words.

> Where mice eat balance-beams of iron
> A thousand *pals* in weight,
> A hawk might steal an elephant,
> A boy is trifling freight."

"How was that?" they asked, and Naduk told them the story of the balance-beam. At this they laughed and caused the restoration of balance-beam and boy to the respective owners.

"And that is why I say:

> Where mice eat balance-beams of iron, ...

and the rest of it." And Check continued, "Dunderhead! You have done this because you could not cheerfully see Rusty's favor bestowed on Lively. Yes, yes, there is wisdom in the saying:

> Cowards reproach the hero here on earth,
> Base-born rascals blame the man of birth;
> Misers, him who gives whate'er he can;
> Misfit lovers blame the ladies' man;
> Rogues, the righteous, cripples blame the straight,
> Those unlucky blame the fortunate:
> Last, the scholar—'tis the wretched rule—
> Listens to reproaches from the fool

Again:

> Learned men from fools have hate;
> Rich, from those less fortunate;
> Men of virtue, from the vicious;
> Wives, from creatures meretricious.

Our education, good and bad,
The obvious consequences had."

"How was that?" asked Victor. And Cheek told the story of

THE RESULTS OF EDUCATION

On a part of a mountain a hen-parrot brought two chicks into the world. These chicks were caught by a hunter when the mother had left the nest to search for food. One of them—since fate decreed it—contrived to escape, while the other was kept in a cage and taught to speak. Meanwhile, the first chick encountered a wandering holy man, who caught him, took him to his own hermitage, and gave him kindly care.

While time was passing in this manner, a certain king, whose horse ran away and separated him from his guard, came to that part of the forest where the hunters lived. The moment he perceived the king's approach, the parrot straightway began to chuckle from his cage: "Come, come, my masters! Here comes somebody riding a horse. Bind him, bind him! Kill him, kill him!" And when the king heard the parrot's words, he quickly spurred his horse in another direction.

Now when the king came to another wood far away, he saw a hermitage of holy men, and in it a parrot who addressed him from a cage. "Enter, O King, and find repose. Taste our cool water and our sweet fruit. Come, hermits! Pay him honor. Give him water to wash his feet in the cool shade of this tree."

When he heard this, the king's eyes blossomed wide, and he wonderingly pondered what it might mean. And he said to the parrot: "In another part of the forest I met another parrot who looked like you, but who had a cruel disposition. 'Bind him, bind him!' he cried; 'kill him, kill him!'" And the parrot replied to the king by giving a precise relation of the course of his life.

Yet, after all:

> Wise men, even, carry through
> What their nature bids them do:
> Nature ever will direct;
> What can punishment effect?

"*Instruction has value only for him* who grasps what has been said once. But you are like a stone—brainless, immovable. Why waste effort to instruct you? More than that, *O fool! it is a mistake even to live beside you*. A disaster might some day befall me from mere association with you. As the proverb says:

> To live beside a dunderhead
> In house or village, town or nation,
> Is evil pure and simple, though
> One may escape all litigation.

> Better plunge in sea or fire,
> Hell or deepest pit,
> Than associate with one
> Quite devoid of wit.

> With the bad or good consort,
> Vice or virtue clings,
> Just as when the breezes in
> Distant wanderings
> Carry odors foul or sweet
> On their restless wings.

"Indeed, there is wisdom in the old story:

> *Two birds were we. I and the other*
> *One father had, we had one mother.*
> *But I was taught by hermits, while*
> *Beef-eaters gave him training vile.*
> *Beef-eaters' speech, O King, he heard.*
> *I listened to the hermits' word.*

The truly self-respecting man
Discovers what he is, and can,
Deserves, and dares, and understands
By traveling in foreign lands."

So much being determined, they considered where it was advisable to go. And the merchant's son said: "You know that no desire is anywhere attained without money. Let us therefore go to Climbing Mountain, where we may find precious gems and enjoy every heart's desire." The truth of this presentation they all recognized, so started for Climbing Mountain.

There, as fate decreed, each of them found a priceless, magnificent gem, whereupon they debated as follows: "How are we to guard these gems when we leave this spot by a forest trail thick with peril?" Then the son of the man of learning said: "You know I am the son of a counselor, and I have consequently thought out an appropriate plan, namely, that we swallow our gems and carry them in our stomachs. Thus we shall not be an object of interest to merchants, highwaymen, and other such people."

Having adopted this plan, each inserted his gem in a mouthful of food at dinner time, and swallowed it. But while they were doing so, a fellow who was resting unperceived on the mountain slope, observed them and reflected: "Look here! I, too, have tramped Climbing Mountain for many days, searching for gems. But I had no luck. I found nothing. So I will travel with them and wherever they grow weary and go to sleep, I will cut their stomachs open and take all three gems."

With this in mind, he came down the slope and overtook them, saying: "Good masters, I cannot pierce the frightful forest alone and reach my home. Let me join your caravan and travel with you." To this they assented, for they desired the increase of friendliness, and the four continued their journey.

When that last hour arrives, that none,
However shrewd, may miss,
A noble spirit serves his kind,
And death itself is bliss.

It is best, then, to offer my own stomach first to the knife, saving the very men I had planned to kill. For when my stomach is cut open first of all and that villain finds nothing, grub as he may, then he will cease to suspect the existence of gems and, heartless though he be, will yet have mercy enough to renounce the cutting of the stomachs of those others. Thus, by giving them life and wealth I shall gain the glory of a generous deed in this world, and a rebirth in purity hereafter. This is, so to speak, a wise man's death, though I did not seek the opportunity." And so the night passed.

At dawn the village chief was preparing to cut open their stomachs when the thief clasped his hands and humbly entreated him. "I cannot," he said, "behold the cutting of the stomachs of these my brothers. Pray be gracious, and cut my stomach first."

To this the chief mercifully agreed, but he found no sign of a gem in the stomach, cut as he would. Thereupon he penitently cried. "Woe, woe is me! Swelling with greed at the mere interpretation of a bird's song, I have done a ghastly deed. I infer that no more gems will be found in the other stomachs than in this." The three were therefore set free uninjured, and hastening through the forest, they reached a civilized spot.

"And that is why I say

The robber for his victims died,

Better the sensible enemy than

THE FOOLISH FRIEND

In this spot they sold all three get e merchant's

musk, and other perfumes, hovered over him and alighted on his head On seeing this, the monkey angrily thought: "What! Under my very eyes this wretched creature looks upon the king!" And he undertook to drive him away.

But when the bee, for all his efforts, continued to approach the king, the monkey went blind with rage, drew his sword, and fetched a blow at the bee—a blow that split the king's head.

And the queen, who was sleeping beside him, started up in terror, screaming when she beheld the incomprehensible fact: "You fool! You monkey! The king trusted you. How could you do it?"

Then the monkey told what had happened, after which everybody, by common consent, scolded him and shunned him.

"So there is reason in saying that one should not make friends with a fool, inasmuch as the monkey killed the king Indeed, that is why I say

> To foes of sense, not foolish friends,
> 'Tis wiser far to cling
> The robber for his victims died
> The monkey killed the king

And Cheek continued

> Where your wits have the final word
> By whom friends' enmities are stirred
> Whose wisdom lies in tricky traps
> All efforts end in sad mishaps

And again

> The saint, however deep his need
> Still shuns the guilt of evil deed
> Still does the deeds that bring no shame
> To honorable name and fame

None leaves a father, brother, son,
Or bosom-friend alive
Who treasonably threatens him,
If he desires to thrive.

Likewise:

A king compassionate,
A careless magistrate,
A wilful wife, a friend
Whose thoughts to treason tend,
A guzzling Brahman, or
A sulky servitor,
With all who do not know
Their business—let them go."

Go however far to find
Honest joy.
Learn from any who is wise,
Though a boy;
Give your life, the altruist's
Bliss to win;
Cut your very arm away,
If it sin

"And the morality of kings has nothing in common with that of ordinary men. As the proverb says:

To ruling monarchs let no trace
Of common nature cling,
For what is vice in other men,
Is virtue in a king

And once more:

Kings' policy is fickle, like
A woman of the town,
For now it hoards its money up,
Now flings it careless down;

Again:

> The wise in need still does the deed
> That keeps his honor bright:
> The shell a peacock ate and dropped,
> Remains a pearly white.

And the proverb says:

> Wrong is wrong; the wise man never
> Wrong as right will treat:
> None would drink, however thirsty,
> Water in the street.

To sum it all up:

> Do the right, the right, the right,
> Till the breath of death,
> Shun the wrong, although the right
> Lead to death of breath."

Hereupon, being a tortuous-minded creature to whom a sermon advocating such moral standards was sheer poison, Victor slunk away

At this moment Rusty and Lively, their minds blinded by rage, renewed the battle But when Rusty had killed Lively, his wrath subsided into pity at the memory of past affection. He wiped his weeping eyes with a blood smeared paw and penitently said: "Ah, me! It was very wrong. Lively was almost my second life In killing him, I have only hurt myself For the proverb says.

> When bits are lost of royal land
> Or servants true who understand,
> The servants' loss is deadly pain,
> Lost lands are quickly won again"

But Victor, the impudent, perceiving that Rusty was mastered by irresolution, slowly crept near and said: "Master, what conduct is this—to show yourself irresolute after slaying a rival? For the saying runs:

Foes may struggle, but the royal
Honor is secure.

Therefore

Speak the truth, though harsh it be:
Blarney is true enmity.

And again:

Where royal servants, asked or not,
Indulge in pleasant lies
That lead the royal mind astray,
The royal glory dies.

"Furthermore, counselors should be consulted severally by the master, who should thereupon make his own decision concerning the advice given by each, as tending to the king's loss or profit. For it happens at times that even an established fact seems otherwise to a wandering judgment. As the proverb says:

The firefly seems a fire, the sky looks flat.
Yet sky and fly are neither this nor that.

And again:

The true seem often false, the false seem true;
Appearances deceive, so think it through.

"Consequently, a master should not implicitly rely on the advice of a servant who lacks the administrative sense, inasmuch as rascally servants, for their personal profit, present matters to the master in a false light, and with bewildering eloquence. Hence, a master should undertake a matter only after full reflection. As the proverb says,

Let fit and friendly counsel first,
And more than once, be heard.
Then ponder on the plan proposed
From first to final word

'Tis rough and flattering by turns,
'Tis kind, and cruel too:
Exacting much and giving much,
At once 'tis false and true."

Hereupon Cheek, since Victor did not return, drew near, sat down beside the lion, and said to Victor: "Sir you know nothing of the business of administration, since the stirring of strife means the destruction of those who had enjoyed mutual friendship. It is not the practice of genuine counselors, when objects of ambition are attainable through conciliation, bribery, or intrigue, to advise the master to fight his own servant, so bringing him into deadly danger. As the proverb says:

The god of wealth, the god of war,
The god of water, and
The god of fire have planned to win,
Then lost the fights they planned.
For victory is not a thing
That men or gods command.

And besides:

No wisdom lies in fighting, since
It is the fools who fight.
The wise discover in wise books
What course is wise and right,
And wise books in the course that is
Not violent, delight.

"Therefore a counselor should under no circumstances advise his master to fight. And there is another wise saying:

Where the palace harbors servants
Kindly, modest, pure,
Death to enemies, and deaf to
Avarice's lure,

Then act, and harvest fame and wealth
Avoiding the absurd.

"Finally, let no master suffer his mind to be twitched aside by others' counsel. Let him always be mindful of the differences in men, let him fully consider the ultimat issue, whether favorable or the reverse, of various coun sels, answers, and times of action. Let him *be* the master a wise master, ever cognizant of the multiform complexi ties of duty."

Here ends Book I, called "The Loss of Friends." Th first verse runs:

The forest lion and the bull
Were linked in friendship, growing, full;
A jackal then estranged the friends
For greedy and malicious ends.



THE WINNING OF FRIENDS

Here, then, begins Book II, called "The Winning of Friends." The first verse runs:

> The mouse and turtle, deer and crow,
> Had first-rate sense and learning; so,
> Though money failed and means were few,
> They quickly put their purpose through.

"How was that?" asked the princes. And Vishnusharman told the following story

In the southern country is a city called Maidens' Delight. Not far away was a very lofty banyan tree with mighty trunk and branches, which gave refuge to all creatures. As the verse puts it:

> Blest be the tree whose every part
> Brings joy to many a creature's heart—
> Its green roof shelters birds in rows,
> While deer beneath its shadow doze;
> Its flowers are sipped by tranquil bees,
> And insects throng its cavities,
> While monkeys in familiar mirth
> Embrace its trunk. That tree has worth
> But others merely cumber earth.

In the tree lived a crow named Swift One morning he started toward the city in search of food. But he saw a hunter who lived in the neighborhood and who was al-



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In the tree lived a crow named Swift. One morning he started toward the city in search of food. But he saw a hunter who lived in the neighborhood and who was al-

ready near the tree, approaching to trap birds. He was hideous in person, flat of hand and foot, bare to the calf of the leg, dreadfully ugly of complexion, had bloodshot eyes, was accompanied by dogs, wore his hair in a knot, carried snare and club in his hand—why spin it out? He seemed a second god of destruction, noose in hand; the incarnation of evil; the heart of unrighteousness; the teacher of every sin; the bosom friend of death.

When Swift saw him, he was disturbed in spirit and reflected: "What does he mean to do, the sinner? To hurt me? Or has he some other purpose?" And he clung to the hunter's heels, being filled with curiosity.

Now the hunter picked a spot, spread a snare, scattered grain, and hid not far away. But the birds who lived there were held in check by Swift's counsel, regarded the rice-grains as deadly poison, and did not peep.

At this juncture a dove-king named Gay-Neck, with hundreds of dove retainers, was wandering in search of food, and spied the rice-grains from afar. In spite of dissuasion from Swift, he greedily sought to eat them and alighted in the great snare. The moment he did so, he and his retainers were caught in the meshes. Nor should he be blamed. It happened through hostile fate. As the saying goes:

> How did Ravan fail to feel
> That 'tis wrong, a wife to steal?
> How did Rama fail to see
> Golden deer could never be?
> How Yudhishthir fail to know
> Gaming brings a train of woe?
> Clutching [illegible] dims the sense
> Darkening [illegible] intelligence.

And again:

> When once the mind is gripped by fate,
> The judgment even of the great,

In mortal meshes fettered, wends
To unintended, crooked ends.

So the hunter gleefully lifted his club and ran forward. Then Gay-Neck and his retainers, seeing him advancing, were distressed by their disastrous position in the snare. But the king, with much presence of mind, said to the doves: "Have no fear, my friends. For

Provided judgment does not fail,
Whatever the distress,
Men reach the farther shore of woe,
And rest in happiness.

"We must all agree in purpose, must fly up in unison, and carry the snare away. This is not possible without united action. For death befalls those of disunited purpose. As the saying goes,

Bharunda birds will teach you why
The disunited surely die.
For, single-bellied, double necked,
They took a diet incorrect."

"How was that?" asked the doves. And Gay-Neck told the story of

THE BHARUNDA BIRDS

By a certain lake in the world lived birds called "bharunda birds." They had one belly and two necks apiece.

While one of these birds was sauntering about, his first neck found some nectar. Then the second said: "Give me half." And when the first refused, the second neck angrily picked up poison somewhere and ate it. As they had one belly, they died.

"And that is why I say:

Bharunda birds will teach you why, ...

and the rest of it. Thus union is strength."

tually lost the snare which was my means of supporting the family."

Now when Gay-Neck saw that the hunter had turned back hopeless, he said to the doves: "See! We may travel quietly. The villainous hunter has turned back. This being so, our best plan is to fly to the city Maidens' Delight. For in its northeastern quarter dwells a mouse named Gold, a dear friend of mine. He will cut our bonds in a hurry. He is quite competent to set us free from our trouble."

So they all did as he said, for they were eager to find the mouse named Gold. And when they reached the hole which he had converted into a fortress, they alighted. Now previously

The mouse, in social ethics skilled,
Saw danger coming. Then
He built and was residing in
A hundred-gated den.

This being so, Gold was alarmed at the whir of birds' wings, darted along one path in his fortress-den until just beyond reach of a cat's paw, and remained on the *qui vive*, wondering what it meant. But Gay-Neck took his stand at a gate of the den, and said: "My dear Gold, pray hasten to me. See what a plight I am in."

Thereupon Gold, still within his fortress, said: "My good sir, who are you? What is your errand? And of what nature is your misfortune? Please inform me." And Gay-Neck answered: "Why, my name is Gay-Neck. I am king of the doves, and a friend of yours. Hasten to me." At this the mouse felt a quiver in his body and a thrill in his soul. He hastened forth, saying:

If daily to his home
The friends who love him come,
And coming, bring delight
To eyes that kindle bright,

A man has found the whole
Of life within his soul.'

Then, observing that Gay-Neck and his retainers were caught in a snare, he sadly said: "My good friend, what is this, and whence? Tell me."

"My good friend," answered Gay-Neck, "why do you ask me? For you know it well. As the proverb says:

Whence, what, by whom, how long, when, where,
And how deserved is good or ill,
Thence, that, by him, so long, then, there,
And so it comes. Fate has its will.

And again:

The peacock seems the world to view
From thousand eyes that mock the hue
Of some bright water-lily;
When fear of death beclouds his mind,
His conduct is of one born blind,
He sinks disheartened, silly.

A hundred leagues and twenty-five
The vulture spies his meat,
But—fate decreeing—fails to see
The snare before his feet.

And again:

Snake, bird, and elephant are caged,
The moon and sun go through eclipse,
The wise are poor: all this I see,
And think how dreadfully fate grips.

And once again:

The birds that in the sky securely soar,
Endure calamities,
While fish are plucked by men from ocean's floor
In far, unsounded seas:

Why speak of virtue here or moral harm?
What stance could help or mar?
'Tis Time that stretches forth a fatal arm,
And seizes from afar."

When Gay-Neck had spoken thus, Gold began to cut his bonds, but Gay-Neck checked him, saying: "My good friend, this is wrong. Please do not cut my bonds first, but my followers'." Now Gold grew angry at this and said: "Come now! You are mistaken. For servants follow the master." "No, no, my good friend," said Gay-Neck. "All these poor creatures left others to take service with me. Shall I fail to show them this petty honor? You know the proverb:

The king who offers honor to
His followers beyond their due,
Has servants glad who never quail,
Not even should his money fail.

And again:

Through trust, the root of happy power,
A creature wins to kingship's flower;
While lions, born to kingship, must
As tyrants govern, lacking trust.

"Besides, after cutting my bonds, you might perhaps get a toothache. Or that villainous hunter might return. In that case, I should surely plunge to hell. As the proverb says,

A king who is content to know
That loyal servants suffer woe,
Will later go to hell, but first
Will see his earthly projects burst."

"Yes," said Gold, "I am well aware of this royal duty. It was to test you that I said what I did. Now I will cut

dressing me?" And he said: "Who are you, sir?" "I am a crow," was the answer. "My name is Swift."

On hearing this, Gold hugged a far corner and said: "My very dear sir, please leave this neighborhood." "But," replied the crow, "I have come to see you on weighty business. Please grant me an interview."

"I see no advantage in making your acquaintance," said Gold. "But," said the crow, "I feel great confidence in you—the result of seeing how Gay-Neck was relieved of bonds through your exertions. I too may possibly be caught some day and find deliverance through you. Please enter into friendship with me."

"Sir," answered Gold, "you eat, and I am food. How can I feel friendship for you? You have heard the saying:

> The dull think inequalities
> In strength no fatal blocks
> To friendship True—but they are dull,
> And public laughingstocks.

Please begone."

"Look!" said the crow "Here I perch at the gate of your den. If you do not make friends with me, I shall starve to death" "But," said Gold, "how can I make friends with you, with an enemy? For the proverb says:

> Make no truce, however snug,
> With foemen dire:
> Water, even boiling hot,
> Will quench a fire"

"Why," said the crow, "you do not even know me by sight. Why should there be strife? Why say a thing so little to the purpose?"

"Sir," said Gold, "strife is of two kinds, natural and incidental. Now you are in natural strife with me. And the saying goes.

What sense for scholarly attainments high
Have beasts besotted, vile?"

"True enough," said the crow. "But listen to this:

The beasts and birds as friends are won
For cause; plain folks, for service done;
And silly souls, for greed or fright—
But good men are your friends at sight.

And again:

Like pots of clay, the wicked friend
Is quick to smash and hard to mend:
Like pots of gold the righteous flash,
As quick to mend, as hard to smash.

And yet again:

Each segment of a sugar-cane
Beyond the tip, is sweeter;
The friendship of the good is so—
The other kind grows bitter.

Now I assure you that I am upright. Besides, I will reassure you by taking oaths."

But Gold replied. "I have no confidence in your oaths There is a saying:

Though a foe be bound by oaths,
Trust him none the more:
Indra struck the demon down,
Spite of oaths galore.

And again:

Even gods must try to lull
Foes with measures mild:
Indra, soothing Diti first,

By incidental means one ends
An incidental strife,
And quickly. Nature's kind endures
Until the loss of life."

"Sir," said the crow, "I should like to learn the characteristic quality of each kind." "Well," said the mouse, "incidental strife springs from a specific cause, and can therefore be removed by rendering an appropriate service. But strife rooted in nature never disappears. Thus there is enduring strife between mungoose and snake—herbivorous creatures and those armed with claws—water and fire—gods and devils—dogs and cats—rival wives—lions and elephants—hunter and deer—crow and owl—scholar and numskull—wife and harlot—saint and sinner. In these cases, nobody belonging to anybody has been killed by anybody, yet they fight to the death."

"But this is senseless," said the crow. "Listen to me.

For cause a man becomes a friend,
For cause grows hostile. So
The prudent make a friend of him,
And never make a foe."

"But," said Gold, "what commerce can there be between you and me? Listen to the kernel of social ethics:

Whoever trusts a faithless friend
And twice in him believes
Lays hold on death as certainly
As when a mule conceives.

And again:

A lion took the life of Panini,
Grammar's most famous name;
A tusker madly crushed sage Jaimini
Of metaphysic fame;
And Pingal, metric's boast, was slaughtered by
crocodile—

A man who lacks a cash account—
Are names and nothing more."

When I heard this, I reflected: "Alas! It is true, though it is my enemy who says it. For today I have not the power to jump a mere finger's breadth. A curse upon a fellow's life without money! As the saying goes:

After money has departed,
If the wit is frail,
Then, like rills in summer weather,
Undertakings fail.

Forest sesame, crow barley,
Men who have no cash,
Owning names but lacking substance,
Are accounted trash.

Beggars have, no doubt, their virtues
Yet they do not flash:
As the world has need of sunlight,
Virtues ask *for* cash.

Beggars-born less keenly suffer
Than the men who crash
From a life of comfort to a
Deficit of cash.

Like the flabby breasts of widows,
Hopes and wishes rash
Helpless fall upon the bosom,
When there is no cash.

The sun that stuns the eyes that shun,
In vain he strains to see,
The light so bright is wrapped in night
By veils of poverty."

With this broken-spirited lamentation I saw my own hoard of wealth converted into a pillow for my enemy, and at dawn I crept into my fortress—a failure.

Then my attendants retired and gossiped together. "Look here!" said they, "the fellow has no power to fill our bellies. Those who ride his back get nothing but buffets—from cats, for example. Why pay him reverence? For the proverb says:

> A king from whom no bounties come,
> But only buffets fall,
> Had better be avoided, and
> By soldiers first of all."

Such remarks I heard on the trail And since, when I returned to the fortress, not one of my followers accompanied me (for I was penniless) I began to ponder deeply.

"A curse, a curse on a life of poverty! There is sound sense in the verse:

> Even relatives are sure
> Scornfully to treat the poor;
> Pride is docked, and virtue's moon
> Loses luster, waning soon;
> Friends that were, disgusted fly;
> Sorrows breed and multiply;
> Comes the imputation then
> Of the sins of other men.

> When man is crushed by poverty
> And stricken down by fate,
> His best of friends become his foes,
> And tried affection, hate.

And again

> Empty is the childless home;
> Hearts that lack a friendship sure;

Wide horizons, to the fool:
All is empty to the poor.

And once again:

His passions are entire, his name,
Keen wit, and speech are just the same:
The man's the same. No! See him change!
Cash fails. The life is out! Ah, strange!

"Yet what have folk like me to do with money? Folk whose final fate is such as this? Positively my best course, now that property is gone, is to withdraw to the forest. As the proverb says.

Pride builds a proper house;
Never be humble:
Spurn cars of heaven, where
Pride takes a tumble.

Failure may dog the step.
Pride stands erect,
Stoops not to widest wealth
Tainted, abject."

And I continued my reflections "Yes, the curse of beggary is dreadful as death For ·

Gutted by the forest fire.
Stands in sterile soil a tree
Gnarled, and riddled by the worms—
Better that than beggar be

And as for beggary

It is the shrine of wretchedness
The dwelling place of tears
The thief of mind, the seal of doubts,
The treasury of fears.

Concreted meanness, home of woe,
And haughty honor's knell,
A form of death—to self-esteem
No different from hell.

And again:

A beggar is a man of shame,
Who bids farewell to honor's name;
From this, humiliations grow,
Then melancholy's gloomy woe;
But gloom with sadness dims the sense.
And sad men lack intelligence,
Now death is folly's certain fruit—
Thus, money's lack is evil's root.

And once again,

Thrust your hands between the jaws
Of an angry snake;
Slumber in the house of Death,
Poisoned liquor take,
Dash yourself to pieces down
Himalaya's side
Do not feast on riches wrung
From a villain's pride.

To sum it up:

Feed your body to the flames,
Friend, if you are needy;
Do not cringe to beg a dole
From the selfish-greedy

Better roam in forest wilds
With the beasts of prey
Than by whimpering for gifts,
Baseness to betray

"This being the case, what possible course shall I adop to keep alive? How about robbery? That, too, is dam nable, for it means appropriating what belongs to others As the verse puts it:

> Better let your tongue be tied
> Than to know that you have lied;
> Better to be impotent
> Than adulterously bent;
> Better die than take delight
> In the petty pricks of spite;
> Better beg as monk than feel
> That you live by what you steal

Well, then, shall I live on charity? That, too, is damnable, my friends, damnable That, too, is a second gate of death. As the saying goes:

> Parasite, or exiled scamp,
> Invalid, or homeless tramp—
> Life is death for these The best
> Would be death For death is rest.

"Then I must at any cost recover the very treasure that Wide-Bottom has stolen. For I saw my moneybag converted into a pillow for those two villains. I must regain my property, and if I die in the attempt, it will be better than this. For

> If cowards who see themselves despoiled
> Too tamely feel the sting,
> Their fathers in the world beyond
> Will spurn their offering."

After reaching this conclusion, I went there at night and gnawed a hole in the bag after he had gone to sleep. Thereupon that dreadful holy man awoke and struck me on the head with the frazzled bamboo. Yet somehow I escaped death—predestination, you see. As the old rhyme puts it:

What's duly his, a man receives;
This law not even God can break:
My heart is not surprised, nor grieves;
For what is mine, no strangers take.

"How was that?" asked the crow and the turtle. And Gold told the story of

MISTER DULY

In a certain city lived a merchant named Ocean. His son picked up a book at a sale for a hundred rupees. In this book was the line:

What's duly his, a man receives.

Now Ocean saw it and asked his son: "My boy, what did you give for this book?" "A hundred rupees," said the son. "Simpleton!" said Ocean, "if you pay a hundred rupees for a book with one line of poetry written in it, how do you calculate to make money? From this day you are not at home in my house." After this wigging, he showed him the door.

This melancholy rebuff drove the young man to another country far away, where he came to a city and stopped there. After some days a native asked him: "Whence are you, sir? What might your name be?" And he replied

"What's duly his, a man receives."

To a second inquirer he gave the same reply. Then on all who questioned him, he bestowed his stereotyped answer. This is how he came by his nickname of Mister Duly.

Now a princess named Moonlight, who was in the first flush of youth and beauty, stood one day with a girl friend, looking out over the city. At that spot a prince, extraordinarily handsome and charming, chanced to come—it was fate's doing—within her range of vision.

son. I shall never have another husband, even mentally. Why don't you realize this and talk to me?" And he replied:

"What's duly his, a man receives."

When she heard this, her heart stopped beating, and she sent him down the strap in a hurry. So he made for a tumble-down temple and went to sleep. Presently a policeman who had an appointment with a woman of easy virtue arrived there and found him asleep. As the policeman wished to hush the matter up, he said: "Who are you?" and the other answered

"What's duly his, a man receives."

When he heard this, the policeman said: "This temple is deserted. Go and sleep in my bed." And he agreed, but made a blunder, lying down in the wrong bed. In that bed lay the policeman's daughter, a big girl named Naughty, beautiful and young. She had made a date with a man she loved, and when she saw Mister Duly, she thought "Here is my sweetheart." So, her blunder due to the pitchy darkness of the night, she rose, gave herself in marriage by the ceremony used in heaven, then lay with him in bed, her lotus-eyes and lily-face ablossom. But she said "Even yet you do not talk nicely with me. Why not?" And he replied

"What's duly his, a man receives."

On hearing this, she thought: "This is what one gets for being careless." So she gave him a sorrowful scolding and sent him packing.

As he walked along a business street, there approached a bridegroom named Fine Fame. He came from another district and marched with a great whanging of tom-toms. So Mister Duly joined the procession. Since the happy moment was near at hand, the bride, a merchant's

The moment she saw him, she was smitten by the arrows of Love, and said to her friend: "Dear girl, you must make an effort to bring us together this very day."

So the friend went straight to him and said: "Moonlight sent me to you. She sends you this message: 'The sight of you has reduced me to the last extremity of love. If you do not hasten to me, I shall die, nothing less.'"

On hearing this, he said: "If I cannot avoid the trip, please tell me how to get into the house." And the friend said: "When night comes, you must climb up a stout strap that will be hanging from an upper story of the palace." And he replied: "If you have it all settled, I will do my part." With this understanding the girl returned to Moonlight.

But when night came, the prince thought it over:

"A Brahman-slayer, so they say,
Is he who tries to house
With teacher's child, or wife of friend,
Or royal servant's spouse.

And again:

A deed that brings dishonor,
Whereby a man must fall,
That causes disadvantage,
Don't do it—that is all."

So after full reflection he did not go to her. But Mister Duly was roaming through the night and spied a strap hanging down the wall of a fine stucco house. Out of curiosity mingled with bravado he took hold and climbed.

Now the princess, being perfectly confident that he was the right man, treated him with high consideration, giving him a bath, a meal, a drink, fine garments, and the like. Then she went to bed with him, and her limbs thrilled with joy at touching him. But she said: "I fell in love with you at first sight, and have given you my per-

ion. I shall never have another husband, even mentally. Why don't you realize this and talk to me?" And he replied:

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d to Mister Duly: "Speak without apprehension. hat sort of business is this?" And Mister Duly said:

"What's duly his, a man receives."

hen the princess remembered, and she said:

"This law not even God can break."

Then the policeman's daughter said:

"My heart is not surprised, nor grieves."

And hearing all this, the merchant's daughter said:

"For what is mine, no strangers take."

Then the king promised immunity to one and all, arrived at the truth by piecing their narratives together, and ended by respectfully giving Mister Duly his own daughter, together with a thousand villages. Then he bethought himself that he had no son, so he anointed Mister Duly crown prince. And the crown prince, together with his family, lived happily; for means of enjoyment were provided in great variety.

"And that is why I say

What's duly his, a man receives, . . .

and the rest of it." And Gold continued

"After these reflections, I recovered from my money-madness. For there is much wisdom in this.

Not rank, but character, is birth;
It is not eyes, but wits, that see.
True learning 'tis, to cease from wrong;
Contentment is prosperity.

And again:

Yes, all prosperities are his,
Whose heart is filled with mirth:

The feet in leather sandals shod,
Travel a leather earth.

A hundred leagues is naught to him
Whose vehicle is greed:
To clasp the wealth that fingers touch
Contentment has no need.

Since Vishnu, universal lord,
Through thee a dwarf was made,
O manhood's solvent, Greed divine,
To thee be homage paid.

No feat is hard for thee, O Greed,
Dishonor's wedded dame,
Who, for the men of kindest heart,
Preparest draughts of shame.

What man should never bear, I bore;
I spoke and, speaking, lied;
I waited at the stranger's door:
O Greed, be satisfied!

And again:

I've drunk foul water; slept forlorn
On gathered bits of broken thorn.
I've lost my love, I've begged for alms,
Enduring heart- and belly-qualms.
I've crossed the sea; I've walked afar;
I've treasured half a shattered jar.
Of further labors is there need?
Quick, damn you! Give your orders, Greed!

No poor man's evidence is heard,
Though logic link it word to word:
While wealthy babble passes muster
Though crammed with harshness, vice, and bluster.

The wealthy, though of meanest birth,
Are much respected on the earth:
The poor whose lineage is prized
Like clearest moonlight, are despised.

The wealthy are, however old,
Rejuvenated by their gold:
If money has departed, then
The youngest lads are aged men.

Since brother, son, and wife, and friend
Desert when cash is at an end,
Returning when the cash rolls in,
'Tis cash that is our next of kin.

"At the moment when, with such thoughts in my mind, I went to my quarters, our friend Swift came to me and suggested a journey hither. So here I am. I have come with him to visit you. Thus I have related to you the cause of my gloom.

"Well, there is this to be said.

The world—gods, elephants, and men,
  Deer, devils, snakes—
Before the noonday hour is spent,
  Its dinner takes.

When hour and appetite arrive,
  There should suffice
For world wide conqueror or slave
  A bowl of rice.

For this, what man of sense would do
  Base deeds perverse,
Whose consequences drag him down
  From bad to worse?"

When he had listened to this, Slow began to offer consolation. "My dear fellow," said he, "you must not lose heart at leaving your country. Intelligent as you are, why feel disturbed without occasion? Consider the saying:

The merely learnèd is a fool:
The wise man uses action's tool:
For no remembered drug can cure
The sick by name alone, 'tis sure.

To brave and wise what land is strange,
Or native? Whatsoever change
Befall, he makes the land his own
By strength of valiant arm alone:
The lion's whim is jungle law
By strength of tooth and tail and claw;
He slaughters elephants for food,
And slakes his servant's thirst with blood.

"Therefore, my dear fellow, we must always be energetic. Where will money feel at home, or pleasures? You know the saying:

As frogs will find a drinking hole,
Or birds a brimming lake,
So friends and money seek a man
Whose vigor does not break.

From another point of view:

The goddess Fortune seeks as home
The brave and friendly man,
The grateful, righteous soul who does
Each moment what he can,
Who regulates a sturdy life
Upon an active pl

Or, put it this way:

THE WINNING OF FRIENDS

The brave, wise, hopeful, and persistent,
From tricks, freaks, meanness equidistant—
If such there be,
And Fortune flee,
The joke on Fortune falls, insistent.

While, on the other hand:

If man be fatalist and slacker,
Irresolute and sang-froid lacker,
Him Fortune—as a bouncing miss
Her aged lover—hates to kiss.

Abysmal learning does not aid
To virtue those who are afraid:
As men with lamps no sooner find
Lost objects, if those men are *blind*.

The prince becomes a beggar;
By weak are slayers slain;
The beggar ceases begging;
When fate revolves again.

"Nor must you, in view of the aphorism,

Since teeth and nails and men and hair,
If out of place, are ugly there

draw the coward's conclusion:

Let no man *leave* his native place.

"For to the competent there is no distinction between native and foreign land. You must have heard the saying:

Brave, learned, fair,
Where'er they roam,
Without *delay*
Are quite at home.

The shrewdly valiant on the earth
Will always master money's worth;
Not those of godlike scholarship—
'Tis certain—if they lose their grip.

"Today, no doubt, your purse is light. For all that, you are not in the position of the commonplace fellow, for you have sense and vigor. And the proverb says:

Let sturdy resolution guide,
And poor men touch the peak of pride;
Let money fold in its embrace
The mean, they sink to lowly place:
The lion's majesty derives
From nature, rich because he strives
To crown his feats with nobler feats.
What golden-collared dog competes?

And again:

Some men compacted of self rigor
With valor, enterprise, and vigor
Indifferently view the muddle
Of ocean and the petty puddle;
As at some wretched ant hill, frown
At Himalaya's highest crown:
To these, not those who wait and see,
Comes Fortune, tripping eagerly

And once more:

Mount Meru is not very high,
Hell is not very low,
The sea not shoreless, if a man
Abounding vigor show.

For, after all:

Why, wealthy, puff with pride?
Why, poor, in gloom subside?

Since, like a stricken ball,
Men's fortunes rise and fall.

In any case, remember that youth and wealth are unstable as water-bubbles. As the saying goes:

With shadows of the passing cloud,
New grain, and knavish friends,
With women's love, and youth, and wealth,
Enjoyment quickly ends.

This being so, if an intelligent man catches slippery money, let him make it fruitful, by giving it away or enjoying it. As the proverb tells us:

The coin that cost a hundred toils,
That men are wont to cherish
Beyond *their* life, will, if it be
Not given to others, perish.

And again,

Bestow, or use your wealth for pleasure;
If not, you hoard another's treasure:
As in your home, your lovely girl
Awaits a stranger—*his* dear pearl.

And once again

The miser for another hoards
His bags of needless money:
The bees laboriously pack,
But others taste the honey

In any event, fate has the last word. As the proverb puts it:

In weapon-bristling battle or at home,
In flaming fire, wild cave, or monstrous sea,
Among thanatophidian fangs elate,
The to-be is, is not the not-to-be.

and he spent his time making garments dyed in various patterns, fit for such people as princes. But for all his labors, he could not collect a bit of money beyond food and clothes. Yet he saw other weavers, who made coarse fabrics, rolling in wealth, and he said to his wife: "Look at these fellows, my dear. They make coarse stuff, but they earn heaps of money. This city does not offer me a decent living. I am going to move."

"Oh, my dear," said his wife, "it is a mistake to say that money comes to those who travel. There is a proverb:

> What shall not be, will never be;
> What shall be, follows painlessly.
> The thing your fingers grasp, will flit,
> If fate has predetermined it.

And again.

> A calf can find its mother cow
> Among a thousand kine:
> So good or evil done, returns
> And whispers: 'I am thine.'

And once again:

> As shade and sunlight interbreed,
> So twined are Doer and his Deed.

So stay here and mind your business."

"You are mistaken, my dear," said he. "No deed comes to fruition without effort. There is a proverb:

> You cannot clap a single hand,
> Nor, effortless, do what you planned.

And again.

> Although, at meal time, fate provide
> A richly loaded plate,

flash. I have had my work for nothing. I haven't a thing. How can I look my wife in the face, or my friends?" So he made up his mind to return to Growing City. There he earned five hundred gold pieces in just one single year, and started home again by a different road.

When the sun went down, he came upon the very same banyan tree, and he thought: "Oh, oh, oh! What is fate up to—damn the brute! Here is that same fiendish old banyan tree once more." But he dozed off on a branch, and saw the same two figures.

One of them was saying: "Doer, why did you give this fellow Soft five hundred gold-pieces? Don't you know that he doesn't get a thing beyond food and clothes?"

"Friend Deed," said the other, "I am constrained to give to the enterprising. The final consequence is your affair. So why blame me?"

When poor Soft heard this, he looked for his bag and found it empty. This plunged him into the depths of gloom, and he thought: "Oh, dear! What good is life to me if I lose my money? I will just hang myself from this banyan tree and say goodbye to life."

Having made up his mind, he wove a rope of spear-grass, adjusted it as a noose to his neck, climbed out a branch, fastened it, and was about to let himself drop, when one of the figures appeared in the sky and said: "Do not be so rash, Friend Soft. I am the person who takes your money, who does not allow you one cowrie beyond food and clothes. Now go home. But, that you may not have seen me without result, ask your heart's desire."

"In that case," said Soft, "give me plenty of money."

"My good fellow," said the other, "what will you do with money which you cannot enjoy or give away? For you are to have no use of it beyond food and clothes."

But Soft replied, "Even if I get no use of it, still I want it. You know the proverb:

The sure that was, is sure no more;
What is not sure, was lost before."

"Come," said she, "you are a coward, satisfied with any little thing. You are quite wrong. We always ought to be energetic, a man especially. There is a saying:

Depend on energetic might,
And banish indolence's blight,
Let enterprise and prudence kiss—
All luck is yours—it cannot miss.

And again:

Let none, content with fate's negation,
Sink into lazy self prostration.
No oil of sesame, unless
The seeds of sesame you press.

"And as for your saying: 'Perhaps they will fall, perhaps not,' that, too, is wrong. Remember the proverb:

Mere bulk is naught. The resolute
Have honor sure:
God brings the plover water. Who
Dare call him poor?

"Besides, I am dreadfully tired of mouse-flesh, and these two lumps of meat are plainly on the point of falling. You must not refuse me."

So when he had listened to this, he left the spot where mice were to be caught and followed Hang-Ball. Well there is wisdom in the saying:

Only while he does not hear
Woman's whisper in his ear,
Goading him against his will,
Is a man his master still.

And again

In action, should not is as should,
In motion, cannot is as can,

of mine. I am constrained to attend to acquisition and expenditure. But their final consequence is your affair." Now when the poor fellow awoke, he had to fast because Penny-Hide was in the second day of a cholera attack.

So Soft left that house and went to Penny-Fling's, who showed him much honor, greeting him cordially and providing food, garments, and the like. In his house Soft rested in a comfortable bed, and in the night he saw the same two figures taking counsel together. One of them was saying: "Come now, Doer! This fellow Penny-Fling is at no little expense today, entertaining Soft. So how will he pay that debt? He has drawn everything from the bank." "Friend Deed," said the second, "I had to do it. The final consequence is your affair." Now at dawn a policeman came with money, a favor from the king, and gave it all to Penny-Fling.

When he saw this, Soft thought: "This Penny-Fling person, even without any capital, is a better kind of thing than that scaly old Penny-Hide. The proverb is right:

> The Scriptures' fruit is pious homes;
> Right conduct, that of learnèd tomes;
> Wives fruitify in joy and son;
> And money's fruit is gifts and fun.

"So may the blessèd Lord of All make me a person whose money goes in gifts and fun. I see no good in Penny-Hiding."

So the Lord of All took him at his word, making him that kind of person.

"And that is why I say:

> Your wealth will flee,
> If fate decree, ...

and the rest of it. Therefore, my dear friend Gold, recognize the facts and feel no uneasiness in the department of finance. You know the proverb:

And He who made the parrots green,
But made the king-swans white,
And peacocks particolored, He
Will order us aright.

There is great wisdom in the old story:

Within a basket tucked away
In slow starvation's grim decay,
A broken-hearted serpent lay.

But see the cheerful mouse that gnaws
A hole, and tumbles in his jaws
At night—new hope's unbidden cause!

Now see the serpent, sleek with meat,
Who hastens through the hole, to beat
From quarters cramped, a glad retreat!

So fuss and worry will not do:
For fate is somehow muddling through
To good or bad for me and you.

"Adopt this point of view, and give some attention to ultimate salvation. There is a verse about that, too:

Let some small rite—vow, fasting, self-control—
Be daily practiced with a quiet soul;
For fate chips daily from our days to be,
Though panting life go struggling ceaselessly

"This being so, contentment is always wise:

Contentment's nectar-draught supplies
The quiet joy that satisfies.
How can the money-maddened know
That joy in bustlings to and fro?

And once again.

No penance like forbearance;
No pleasure like content;

A lofty soul, in days of power,
Is tender as a lotus-flower;
But, meeting misadventure's shock,
Grows hard as Himalayan rock.

And again:

The goal desiderating powers at strain,
Is reached by listless sleepers with no pain:
Though panting life go struggling ceaselessly
The to-be is, is not the not-to-be.

And once again:

Why think and think without relief?
Why weight the mind with aimless grief?
All finds fulfilment, soon or late,
If written on the brow by fate.

Or put it this way:

From distant island, central sea,
Or far horizon's brink,
Fate brings and links its wilful whims
Before a man can wink.

Or this way:

Fate links the unlinked, unlinks links.
It links the things that no man thinks.

All life, unwilling, faces its
Unbidden doom—
Some ill, no doubt, but blessings, too-
Why sink in gloom?

And yet again:

Courageous, cultivated minds
Their fate would supervise:
But linked causation masters them,
And makes it otherwise.

And He who made the parrots green,
But made the king-swans white,
And peacocks particolored, He
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And once again,

No penance like forbearance;

No friend like gifts; no virtue
Like hearts on mercy bent.

"But why bore you with a sermon? In this place you are at home. Pray divest yourself of disturbing worries, and spend your time in friendship with me."

Now when Swift had listened to these observations of Slow, set off as they were with the inner truth of numerous authoritative works, his face blossomed, his heart was satisfied, and he said: "Slow, my dear fellow, you are good. Your virtue is something to rely on. For in the act of offering this comfort to Gold, you have brought perfect satisfaction to my heart. As the proverb puts it:

They taste the best of bliss, are good,
And find life's truest ends,
Who, glad and gladdening, rejoice
In love, with loving friends.

And again

The richest man is penniless,
A living naught, a vain distress,
If greed, true wealth destroying, bends
His soul to lack the charm of friends.

"Now by means of this first-class advice you have rescued our poor friend, sunk in the sea of wretchedness. After all, it is quite in the nature of things.

The good forever save the good,
When dull misfortunes clog:
For only elephants can drag
Their comrades from the bog.

And again:

No man deserves the praise of men,
Nor meets the vow of virtue, when
The poor or suppliant from him go
Averted, sunk in hopeless woe.

es, there is wisdom in this:

> What manhood is there, making not
> The sad, secure?
> What wealth is that, availing not
> To aid the poor?
> What sort of act, performed without
> Good consequence?
> What kind of life, that glory feels
> To be offense?"

While they were conversing thus, a deer named Spot arrived, panting with thirst and quivering for fear of hunters' arrows. On seeing him approach, Swift flew into a tree, Gold crept into a grass-clump, and Slow sought an asylum in the water. But Spot stood near the bank, trembling for his safety.

Then Swift flew into the air, inspected the terrain for the distance of a league, then settled on his tree again, and called to Slow: "Slow, my dear fellow, come out, come out! No evil threatens you here. I have inspected the forest minutely. There is only this deer who has come to the lake for water." Thereupon all three gathered as before.

Then, out of friendly feeling toward a guest, Slow said to the deer: "My good fellow, drink and bathe. Our water is of excellent quality, and cool." And Spot thought, after meditating on this invitation: "Not the slightest danger threatens me from these. And this because a turtle has no capacity for mischief when out of water, while mouse and crow feed only on what is dead. So I will make one of their company." And he joined them.

Then Slow bade him welcome and did the honors, saying: "I trust your circumstances are happy. Pray tell us how you happened into this neck of the woods." And Spot replied: "I am weary of a life without love. I have been hard pressed on every side by mounted grooms and

inue numbered thousands. He, with his herd, had started for the lake upon information that there was water there. As he marched through the mouse community, he crushed faces, eyes, heads, and necks of such mice as he encountered.

Then the survivors held a convention. "We are being killed," they said, "by these lumbering elephants—curse them! If they come this way again, there will not be mice enough for seed. Besides:

An elephant will kill you, if
He touch, a serpent if he sniff,
King's laughter has a deadly sting;
A rascal kills by honoring

Therefore let us devise a remedy effective in this crisis."

When they had done so, a certain number went to the lake, bowed before the elephant king, and said respectfully: "O King, not far from here is our community, inherited from a long line of ancestors There we have prospered through a long succession of sons and grandsons. Now you gentlemen, while coming here to water, have destroyed us by the thousand. Furthermore, if you travel that way again, there will not be enough of us for seed. If then you feel compassion toward us, pray travel another path. Consider the fact that even creatures of our size will some day prove of some service."

And the elephant king turned over in his mind what he had heard, decided that the statement of the mice was entirely logical, and granted their request.

Now in the course of time a certain king commanded his elephant trappers to trap elephants. And they constructed a so-called water-trap, caught the king with his herd, three days later dragged him out with a great tackle made of ropes and things, and tied him to stout trees in that very bit of forest.

When the trappers had gone, the elephant king re-

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When flow
Bons mots
Composed with art,
Though fe-
Males be
Removed apart.

Now one day Spot failed to appear at the regular hour. And the others, missing him, alarmed also by an evil omen that appeared at that moment, drew the conclusion that he was in trouble, and could not keep up their spirits. Then Slow and Gold said to Swift: "Dear fellow, we two are prevented by locomotive limitations from hunting for our dear friend. We beg you, therefore, to hunt about and learn whether the poor fellow is eaten by a lion, or singed by forest fire, or fallen into the power of hunters and such creatures. There is a saying:

One quickly fears for loved ones who
In pleasure-gardens play:
What, then, if they in forests grim
And peril-bristling stay?

By all means go, search out precise news concerning Spot, and return quickly."

On hearing this, Swift flew a little distance to the edge of a swamp, and finding Spot caught in a stout trap braced with pegs of acacia-wood, he sorrowfully said: "My dear friend, how did you fall into this distress?" "My friend," said Spot, "there is no time for delay. Listen to me.

When life is near an end
The presence of a friend
Brings happiness, allying
The living with the dying

Oh, pardon any expressions of friendly impatience I may have used in our discussions. Likewise, say to Gold and Slow in my name:

duces spectacular lifts and leaps which are suddenly arrested to signify moments of supreme dramatic impact

Antony Tudor was born in London in 1909 He seemed destined for an uneventful business career when he saw Anna Pavlova dance and was so deeply impressed by her exquisite art and by the performances of several seasons of Diaghilev's Ballets Russes that he determined to become a ballet creator Encouraged by Cyril W Beaumont he enrolled in the Rambert School and studied in his spare time with Pearl Argyle Harold Turner Margaret Craske and Marie Rambert When Miss Rambert founded the famous Ballet Club in 1930, Tudor eagerly accepted her offer to join the new organization as secretary and dancer Tudor's predominant interest was dance composition and as early as 1931 he choreographed and presented his first work *Cross-gartered* after an episode from Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night* The ballet was very successful and his contract with the Ballet Club was renewed In 1933 he joined the Vic-Wells Ballet as a dancer, but without severing his connection with the Ballet Club where he continued to produce his own ballets He created in fast sequence *Lysistrata* or *The Strike of the Wives* (Prokofieff 1932) *Adam and Eve* (Lambert 1932) *Atalanta of the East* (Seelig 1933) *The Planets* (Holst 1934) *The Descent of Hebe* (Bloch 1935) and the dances for several operas at Covent Garden With *Jardin aux Lilas* (1936) and *Dark Elegies* (1937) he deliberately departed from the classical pattern In 1937 together with Agnes de Mille and his friend and collaborator the dancer Hugh Laing he founded the Dance Theatre for which he choreographed *Gallant Assembly* (Tartini 1937) and in 1938 he organized his own company the London Ballet together with Hugh Laing The opening novelty of the company was *Gala Performance* The London Ballet gave a successful season through the winter and spring in London and was engaged by Sir Thomas Beecham for the International Grand Opera Season at the Royal Opera House Covent Garden When Tudor was invited to join the new Ballet Theatre just forming in New York in 1939 his fame as dancer and choreographer was already well established

Tudor's influence on contemporary ballet is incalculable In John Martin's words He is the next logical step beyond Fokine in the progression of periodic revolts within the ballet by which it has grown It is always the same revolt, to be sure, directed against the meaninglessness which accumulates from overrefinement overformalization overclassicism, and its end is always a return toward function though with varying and, indeed increasingly vital manifestations in each epoch." This

pation with psychological themes. This is new in the ballet—a surprisingly retarded acknowledgment of new methods of interpreting emotional processes which had decisively influenced literature and painting for the past two or three decades. Not before Tudor had ballet choreographers dealt with essentially psychological states, experiences and conflicts. Familiar in the field of modern dance, this discovery amounts in the ballet to a challenge of all conservative concepts of the use and the function of the *danse d'école* Indeed no major change in the contemporary ballet is likely to have such profound and far-reaching consequences, although there is no evidence of a rapid or exclusive development in this particular direction. Those who fear for the traditional classical ballet have no reason to be alarmed *Jardin aux Lilas* is more than ten years old.

Probably the psychological themes which inspired *Jardin aux Lilas, Dim Lustre, Pillar of Fire* and *Undertow* appear obscurely significant to a modern audience which is vaguely familiar with Freudian concepts and the notion of unconscious processes But to call those ballets psychological dramas is only half right, because, applied to Tudor, the term defines the premise rather than the treatment This distinguishes Tudor's creations from similar, emotionally complex compositions in the modern dance That this is not merely a matter of different techniques is clearly illustrated in a comparison between the tragedy of frustration as conceived by Martha Graham in *Deaths and Entrances* and by Tudor in *Pillar of Fire*. Both works deal with similar dramatic conflicts caused by a specific psychological situation In a simplified definition one may say that Martha Graham attempts a direct and spontaneous communication of inner states of mind while Tudor is concerned with the significance of their exterior manifestations. One is an ineluctably subjective presentation the other a deliberately objective one They are essentially different modes of expression notwithstanding many apparent analogies in subject structure and form This distinction explains why there is no reason for Tudor to break radically with the formal, traditional language of the classic regime He uses it as one of several means of dance expression because, and whenever, it serves a specific purpose of characterization

Dim Lustre (Book Antony Tudor Music Richard Strauss Setting and Costumes Motley) barely has a plot. The Lady With Him and The Gentleman With Her are dancing together in a ballroom, (occasionally interrupted by some slight incident- a touch, a dropped handkerchief, a kiss—which happens alternately to him or to her evoking, much like flashbacks in a film, the memory of past and forgotten partne

does wrong and is forgiven. Indeed, the sequence of fateful events by which the action proceeds follows a familiar pattern. But the fascination of realistic theatre is very powerful. There is a deep satisfaction in seeing the expected on the stage, because it confirms in an exemplary form the validity of common social and moral concepts and because it permits identification with the fictitious characters in the drama. It would therefore be wrong to minimize the relevance of the realistic story element in Tudor's ballets. As the actual narrative is rationally conceived and organically resolved, it becomes convincing, or at least credible, in its own right and thus sets the spectator at ease. This, it would seem, is an important factor in the appreciation of Tudor's work, incidentally it offers an explanation for his frequent use of conventional dramatic situations and characters.

Consistent with this principle, his style of interpretation often originates in colloquial gesture, such as, in *Pillar of Fire*, a casual greeting or the arranging of a strand of hair or the adjusting of a sleeve—gestures directly derived from daily life and conveying, as Edwin Denby says, a "narrative meaning." All these clearly recognizable, tangible indications establish unequivocal points of reference for the subsequent understanding of more complex, allusive gestures and movements. Almost imperceptibly those explicit meanings are carried over into the dance movement. There is an infinite scale of degrees from colloquial gesture to highly abstracted stylization, degrees which correspond to the varying complexity of the respective emotional state or situation. The Friend, for instance, simply walks through the drama at an even and assured pace. Hagar, in striking contrast, changes between moments of intense immobility and frantic speed. Each movement or phrase is at the same time descriptive and allusive, specific and suggestive. If the turbulent conflicts of a tormented soul occur in the obscurity of the subconscious, their interpretation in dance terms is lucid and precise. This visual clarification is particularly helpful in a mute drama whose essential conflicts happen in, or extend into, the psychological dimension.

The language of gesture and movement must be considered an equivalent, not a substitute, for spoken language. In the ballet version of *Romeo and Juliet* the inevitable recollection of the spoken word at times condemns the pantomime to a minor importance, to an expedient as it were. *Pillar of Fire* is not a literary statement, quasi-accidentally deprived of the benefit of speech. It is originally conceived in a specific pantomime language. This quality distinguishes it from the traditional narrative ballet which is merely descriptive, though

and example, in the ballet, he was faced with the difficult task of creating a new expressive idiom consistent, nevertheless, with the essentials of the traditional technique. The modern dance, since Duncan's pioneer attempts, had independently evolved an elaborate system of meaningful movement particularly conceived and suited to the visual presentation of psychological themes. Dancers had been trained specifically in this system which implies the absolute negation of the classical ballet, and far away from the ballet theatre an audience had been educated to understand and appreciate this new dance form.

But the ballet had nothing similar or equivalent to offer; at best it could supply a shallow pantomime tradition as the closest approximation to Tudor's artistic requirements. Neither performers nor spectators, brought up in the spirit and the grand manner of the *danse d'école*, had been exposed before to an experience of psychological significance. As it turned out, when Tudor created his ballets the audience was ready for them, if aesthetic response may be taken as an indication of aesthetic need, the acceptance of Tudor's increasingly difficult creations reflected a definite demand for more complex and profound artistic statements than the ballet had offered hitherto. However, this is not to be taken as the symptom of an exclusive trend. Although Jerome Robbins experimented at one time in the same direction with the ballet *Facsimile*, there is no reason to anticipate henceforth a universal preference for themes dealing with tortured and frustrated characters. In fact there is no evidence of any such development on a wide front; rather would it seem that the more vigorous talent in contemporary ballet is in search of emotional balance and optimistic belief. It is both characteristic and reassuring, for instance, that the keen-witted sophistication of Agnes de Mille, Jerome Robbins and Michael Kidd is tempered by human warmth and an entirely affirmative sense of humor. Tudor himself produced the good-humored persiflage of *Gala Performance*, and several cruel episodes in *Undertow* are surprisingly illuminated and alleviated by a compassionate humor. This is perhaps less conclusive than the observation that, while the choreographer closed *Dim Lustre* with the cynical acceptance of defeat and ended *Jardin aux Lilas* with the admission of despondent resignation, the close of *Pillar of Fire* beautifully resolves the essential conflict. In the last analysis no ballet before or after *Pillar of Fire* has presented such a monumental statement of optimism.

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Following, as it does, so consummate an accomplishment as *Pillar of Fire*, it is odd that it fails to convince. Although *Undertow* is the logical continuation of the preceding work, it seems as if *Pillar of Fire* had yielded virtually everything that the psychological genre had to offer Tudor in the way of theatrical potentialities. In fact and implication the Transgressor's drama of guilt and atonement in *Undertow* is more violent and shocking, but somehow far less moving and compelling than Hagar's drama of guilt and transfiguration The reasons for this ultimate failure in a creation of such imposing stature are manifold and not easy to analyze First of all, the directness and lucidity which distinguished Tudor's previous work are here frequently blunted and obscured by allusions and implications of uncertain significance Thus the mythological, part-Greek part-Latin designations of the cast of characters suggest more complex meanings than transpire from the simple and specific functions the characters assume in the actual ballet. It is irritating, because not sufficiently justified, that a young bridal couple who leap happily across the stage are pretentiously named Hymen and Hera One never quite overcomes the uneasy feeling that one is missing a crucial point or important clue as in fact one may be

Although *Undertow* manifests all the characteristics of spectacular theatre it is essentially a spiritual drama, rather than a visual one its imagery and symbolism are substantially derived from literary concepts Regarded as a literary work *Undertow* except for the ending, is an admirably concise and consistent case history of a psychopathic character But as a purely visual spectacle which it is by definition, it is uneven and deficient lacking in structural unity and organic continuity The same episodic treatment that was successfully employed in *Dim Lustre* and *Jardin aux Lilas* here tends to create confusion There are many poignantly dramatic scenes, like the swift and vicious rape of Ate or the breathtaking crescendo leading to the climax of Medusa's violent death Other scenes, like the grotesque song of the Bacchantes or Polyhymnia's rather lame appearance are less fortunately integrated, less persuasively motivated As individual pieces of choreographic composition they are often brilliantly invented, however, their relationship to the main action is not always clearly established so that the drama as a whole never fully achieves the sustained emotional suspense and trenchant precision of *Pillar of Fire*

With more accuracy than taste, *Undertow* was originally advertised as a "psychological murder story" This trading on low sensationalism rendered a doubtful service indeed to a